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ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

THE recent order for the movement of the Mediterranean fleet into Turkish waters requires explanation, for it is impossible that hostile measures against the Porte can have been intended. The SULTAN and his Ministers seem to have been convinced that the English Government is in earnest, for unusual activity has been displayed in holding Cabinet Councils, in issuing orders, and perhaps in remonstrating against inconvenient pressure; and it is said that assurances have been given which have led the British Cabinet to suspend further action. After the late Ministerial changes MAHMOUD NEDIM is said to have assured Sir HENRY LAYARD that his policy and principles had been misunderstood, and that he was heartily attached to the English alliance. He probably received for answer an intimation that England was indifferent to the persons of Turkish Ministers, but that they would be required to perform their engagements. The late Prime Minister, KHAIREDDIN, was willing to introduce administrative reforms; and with that object he sought to make the Executive Government independent of the personal caprices of the SULTAN. The courtiers had no difficulty in thwarting a Minister who might plausibly be accused of want of loyal deference. It is probable that if KHAIREDDIN and CARATHEODORI had possessed the substance of power, instead of the mere title, a practical commencement of reform would by this time have been visible. The most conspicuous member of the present Ministry was a favourite of ABDUL AZIZ, and he is believed to have seconded General IGNATIEFF's efforts to maintain and extend the abuses which have since brought the Empire to the verge of destruction. If his apologies for the past imply a disposition to adopt a different course, it may be prudent to accept his professions. Perhaps Turkish Ministers may not fully understand that the English fleet will neither bombard nor blockade Constantinople, even if the anarchy of Armenia and Asia Minor should be allowed to continue. If it is true that Sir HENRY LAYARD insists on the punishment of guilty officers and of the release of innocent prisoners, he must have been authorized to threaten ulterior measures; but warlike operations would be neither easy nor justifiable, and the hostility of England would drive the Turkish Government to invoke Russian protection.

A simpler method of expressing disapproval and despair of the fulfilment of Turkish promises would be the renunciation of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. The protectorate was from the first conditional on a fundamental change in the government of the Asiatic provinces. Some of the reforms which were proposed consisted in the permanent appointment of local Governors, in the purification of the courts of justice, and above all in the establishment of a regular and paid police force. Victims of violence and spoliation need in the first place protection against oppressors and freebooters, and also against the nominal guardians of the peace. In all countries, and more especially in Turkey, policemen who are not paid by their employers will pay themselves by extortion and by acceptance of bribes. In the first instance it was intended that a certain number of Europeans should be appointed to high judicial posts. Lord SALISBURY afterwards accepted as a substitute the proposal that European inspectors should be employed to supervise the administration of justice. After the lapse of a year there are no inspectors; the judges are corrupt and incompetent; and the worst crimes remain unpunished.

The provincial Governors are still exposed to dismissal unless they contrive to secure powerful friends at Constantinople. It is, indeed, announced that the new Ministers have induced MIDHAT PASHA to retain the government of Syria; and probably both the SULTAN and his advisers are glad to keep at a distance the principal leader in the movement by which ABDUL AZIZ was dethroned. The uncertainty which prevailed whether MIDHAT would retain his office shows that the tenure of provincial Governors is as precarious as in former times. It is now asserted, probably by the opponents of English policy, that Sir H. LAYARD demands not only the institution of a regular police, but the appointment of BAKER PASHA to organize and command the force. The selection would be highly expedient, and the AMBASSADOR need not entertain a scrupulous respect for Turkish independence, if only he were safe from the rejection of his demand. It is not probable that the Turkish Ministers will be disposed, for the mere purpose of producing order in a disturbed country, to confide one of the highest offices in the Empire to a foreigner who will be neither frightened nor bribed. If any definite demand has been made, it may be assumed that refusal will provoke some kind of rupture, though scarcely an appeal to force. Under the Convention the English Government has a right to make friendly remonstrances; but the SULTAN never agreed to transfer to an ally the right of nominating civil or military functionaries. The AMBASSADOR will assuredly not have exposed himself to a mortifying rebuff.

Some politicians contend that the Convention has not conferred on England any right except that of verbal remonstrance, which needed no Convention. In a despatch to Sir H. LAYARD which was recently quoted in these columns, Lord SALISBURY recites "two treaty stipulations" under which the SULTAN stands bound not only to promulgate new and improved laws, but actually to carry "out reforms in the administration" of the provinces with which Lord SALISBURY was then dealing. In another part of the same despatch he declares that proceedings inconsistent with the spirit of the SULTAN's promise furnish an ample ground for remonstrance, and he adds that Great Britain "will spare no diplomatic exertion to obtain good government for the populations of Asiatic Turkey." In the first article of the Convention the SULTAN promises to England to introduce necessary reforms. The engagement is distinct and unconditional, and in its literal interpretation it would justify measures more stringent than remonstrance or diplomatic exertion. In another article of the Convention the continuance of the protectorate of Asiatic Turkey is made conditional on the performance by the SULTAN of his promises of reform. It would seem therefore that the English Government has, in case of a breach of covenant on the part of Turkey, the choice of two remedies. It may either insist on the reforms for which provision is made, or it may withdraw from its own engagements. Turkish Ministers are well aware that England will neither willingly abandon Armenia and Asia Minor to Russian ambition nor restore Cyprus, which has been occupied in pursuance of the Convention. Diplomatic pressure is consequently applied, with the Mediterranean fleet to prove that the demand is made in earnest.

The SULTAN and his subjects are much more deeply interested than England in the acceptance of Lord SALISBURY's unpalatable proposals. The British Minister's urgency is

that of the physician who endeavours to enforce submission on a perverse and obstinate patient. It is certain that the Turkish Empire will be dissolved if the existing anarchy is not corrected. Except through the indirect promotion of trade, England would derive no immediate advantage from the complete regeneration of Turkey. It is true that the reason for interference is political; but the measures which might tend to discourage Russian aggression are, from the necessity of the case, intrinsically beneficial. The enterprise in which Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues are at present engaged will be judged by its results. If they can produce improvement in the finances of Turkey and in the provincial administration, they will have justified both their present efforts and in some degree the Anglo-Turkish Convention, as far as it related to Armenia and Asia Minor. The acquisition of Cyprus must be explained on some other grounds which have never yet been disclosed. In any event, the proceedings of the Government will be watched and criticized with hostile vigilance. It would be impossible to accuse it of ill-will or indifference to the subject population, when it is incurring heavy responsibility and arduous labour for the benefit of the oppressed communities. If the Ministers fail, they will be taunted with their rashness in undertaking an impossible task; and in any case it will be asked why one alone of the Powers of Europe should be charged with the heavy burden of relieving the sufferings of a foreign and distant population. Even partial success will furnish a practical answer to party attacks, but, for the moment, the prospect is not encouraging. None of the many desirable reforms can be effected without expense, and the English Government can offer neither money nor any means of obtaining money, except by the practice of economy and by a sound system of taxation. Prosperity seems to be the condition of order, which again must be the foundation of prosperity. It would be unwise, if it were possible, to establish at Constantinople the fiscal control which is exercised in Egypt. Sir H. LAYARD has in any case an arduous duty to discharge.

#### CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

THE Bishop of ANGERS has been delivering a funeral oration in praise of LAMORICIERE, the French General who did what he could to save the temporal power of the Pope. It was an occasion on which an ardent Legitimist bishop would naturally have a great deal to say, and would be anxious to say it as unpleasantly as he was able. The Bishop of ANGERS seems to have fully come up to what was expected of him in both these respects. His oration was very long, and he lost no opportunity of attacking the Republic as by law established. LAMORICIERE had played a part in most of the events with which he was contemporary, and the BISHOP was consequently well supplied with texts on which to hang his denunciations of Liberalism, and his assurances that France would never enjoy real happiness until she turns of her own free will to that Eden which she left in 1789. Of course it at once became a question whether the Government should take any notice of the BISHOP's attack; but they have wisely decided to leave him alone. A Government which cannot stand being preached against is a Government which turns its weakest side to its adversary. If they were to prosecute the Bishop of ANGERS, half-a-dozen other bishops would be writing pastorals or preaching sermons which might stop short of illegality, but would in all other ways be quite as annoying as Mgr. FREPPEL's discourse about LAMORICIERE. The incident would scarcely deserve notice if it did not illustrate the unfortunate relations which exist between the Church and the Republic. The blame of this state of things does not rest on either side exclusively, and its ill effects are distributed with equal impartiality. It might have been expected that a Church organized on a highly democratic basis (and in some respects—the social standing of its clergy, for example—the Catholic Church is very democratic) would show no rooted hostility to Republican institutions. The priests might not have felt inclined to bless trees of liberty as in 1848; but there was no very obvious reason why they should part company from their fathers and brothers and curse the Government which, if they had remained laymen, they would probably have accepted as decidedly the best within their reach.

The hostility between the Church and the Republic is in part due to the extreme poverty of the clergy. The parish priests, especially in the country, have scarcely enough to live on. The payment they receive from the State is very small indeed; and the peasants, who keenly feel being obliged to pay even this, are not likely to supplement it by any private liberality of their own. In this respect, however, the Republic is not worse than the Governments that have preceded it. The request of the clergy for an increase in their stipends has been disregarded, but they receive no less than they received under the Empire. The way in which poverty makes the clergy hate the Republic when they did not hate the Empire is this. When it is a hard matter for a priest to keep body and soul together, it is very important to him to stand well with his richer parishioners. The great house in the village can give him a good many dinners in the course of the year, and thus save his pocket and satisfy his hunger at the same time. The ladies of great houses are seldom Republicans, and the priest who depends on their hospitality for all he knows of the luxuries of life—meaning thereby all such necessities as cannot be provided out of an income of 24*l.* a year—will be very apt, as regards politics, to be what they are. He ought, no doubt, to remember the dignity of the sacerdotal character, and to have a will and opinions of his own; but as a matter of fact he seldom does. There is so very little butter to his bread at the best, that he is naturally anxious above all things to be sure on which side the little that there is to be found.

The current of professional emulation has set in the same direction. In the power of moving a priest from a parish where there is nothing to be had but the State allowance to one where the fees form an appreciable increase to the curé's income the bishop has a lever of very great force. To quarrel with the bishop is to abandon all hope of promotion, and the surest way to avoid a quarrel is honestly to look at everything from the bishop's point of view. This is an accomplishment which the French clergy possess in great perfection. What the bishop thinks that they think. The episcopal influence has, with scarcely an exception, been thrown against the Republic. The bishops have satisfied themselves that the Church has nothing to hope and everything to fear from the existing Government, and they are scarcely at any pains to conceal the dislike with which they view it. Under PIUS IX. this feeling was more natural than it is under LEO XIII. The restoration of his temporal dominions was an object which the late Pope had almost as much at heart as the recognition of his infallibility, and his relations with European Powers were largely regulated by this consideration. That he would have got any help from the Count of CHAMBOARD had he come to the throne in 1871 or in 1873 is exceedingly improbable; but it was quite certain that none was to be had from the Republicans, and on this ground the Papal influence, which carried with it that of nearly all the French Episcopate, was at the command of the Royalist party. Thus almost from the foundation of the existing Republic it has had the Church for an enemy. So long as M. THIERS or M. DUBAURE was at the head of affairs, the Republic did not reap the full disadvantage of this state of things. They did not allow their policy to be shaped by sentimental considerations; and however hostile the Church might show herself, they took care not to be led away into measures of retaliation. The present Government has not been equally prudent. In an evil hour for the political tranquillity of the country the assertion that clericalism was the real enemy that the Republic had to fear was accepted by the Left as the expression of an indisputable truth, and from that time until now the Left has seized every occasion that offered itself of making a reconciliation between the Church and the State more difficult to effect. The Church, on her side, has been equally industrious. The reasonable doctrines of the present Bishop of AMIENS have been quietly pushed aside, and the strangely ill-chosen phrase the Counter-revolution, has been openly claimed by Catholics as the best expression of their hopes and designs.

These are the things which discourage Englishmen who are anxious to see the Republic remain the established Government of France. There is no doubt that bishops like Mgr. FREPPEL are exceedingly provoking; and for that matter, if the Government chose to institute proceedings against him, we do not see that any one need



object. The mistake is to identify a single bishop with the Church, and to take vengeance upon the one for the sins of the other. It is not denunciations such as those of which the Cathedral of Nantes has recently been the theatre that really injure an adversary. The danger lies much more in the retaliation into which Governments allow themselves to be tempted. Left to himself, the Bishop of ANGERS will do no harm to any one; but, if his Legitimist enthusiasm is made an excuse for passing the 7th Clause of the FERRY Bill, or any other measure designed to deprive French parents of the right of educating their children in the way they like best, Mgr. FREPPEL will have real cause for self-congratulation. The wisdom of leaving the Church alone, and of disproving the arguments of the clergy by the indisputable evidence of facts, is altogether unappreciated by the Republicans. On the contrary, they seem so piously anxious not to make their brethren to offend, that no sooner has a bishop committed himself to some improbable prediction of what the Republic is going to do to the Church than they set to work to make his words come true. What yesterday was a calumny invented by the Church to injure the Republic becomes to-day a simple statement of what the Republic proposes to do to the Church. The worst thing about a controversy of this kind is that each fresh step in it makes retreat more difficult for both parties. So much passion has been called up on each side that whichever first gives the order to cease firing must expect to have its forbearance twisted into a confession of defeat. That either the Church or the Republic would be wise in withdrawing from the contest there is no doubt. It is a fight in which victory is only the prelude to greater and more irreparable defeats.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN TROUBLES.

THE termination of the Zulu war has not put an end to anxiety in connexion with South African affairs. The annexation of the Transvaal was indirectly one of the causes of the war, and it now threatens grave complications. Even the native war is not at an end. SECOCOENI, who is probably, since the fall of CETEWAYO, the most powerful of the chiefs, is still unsubdued; and he is probably encouraged in his resistance by the remembrance of his former successes against the Boers. There is little doubt that he will be ultimately defeated; but the contest may impose a strain on an army which has been rapidly and largely reduced. It is stated that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has sent an ultimatum to SECOCOENI. It might have been supposed that a native chief, at open war with an English province, was scarcely entitled to a conditional declaration of hostilities. The disaffection of the Boers of the Transvaal furnishes graver reasons for anxiety. The Government will perhaps exercise a judicious discretion in not examining too closely into the relations which some of them are said to have instituted during the war with CETEWAYO. Although it is not alleged that they gave him active assistance, the assurance that they would not support the English, if it was really given, may have tended to encourage him in his policy of resistance. It may be hoped that they have not made overtures of the same kind to their own ancient enemy SECOCOENI. Their opposition to the establishment of English authority is sufficiently embarrassing. It had with doubtful prudence been determined to require an oath of allegiance from the Justices of Peace and Field Cornets; and several of them, including some of the principal men in the province, have refused the engagement. It is impossible to enforce a declaration of loyalty except by making it a condition of the exercise of office. The refusal of the local authorities to discharge their functions under the English Government is one of the principal difficulties with which Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will have to contend. Mr. PRETORIUS, Mr. JOUBERT, and some of the other principal inhabitants of the Transvaal have intimated their refusal of voluntary obedience to the English authorities. Some farmers who had become liable to damages or costs in civil actions have refused payment, and have allowed their goods to be seized. A magistrate on the return of a summons against a Boer charged with an assault was intimidated by the attendance in his court of a body of armed men, who afterwards seized some ammunition in a shop, leaving money in payment of the value. The Government has since instituted a prosecution of the offenders

for theft; and if they can be convicted and punished, the authority of the law will have been vindicated; but the act of which they were really guilty was not theft but rebellion or sedition.

The interruptions of order may have been hitherto trifling, and there can be little doubt that any disturbance which may take place will be suppressed by military force; but the Dutch malcontents, though perhaps their political knowledge may not be extensive, have instinctively perceived their opportunity of inflicting intolerable annoyance on the English Government and its agents. Refusals to pay taxes and isolated acts of resistance lead by rapid steps to civil war. Superior force would in such an enterprise ensure ultimate and perhaps immediate success; but the proposal to complete the annexation of the Transvaal at the cost of bloodshed would be repugnant to the feelings and conscience of Englishmen. It may be assumed that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is not responsible for his formal declaration that the annexation is irrevocable. His proclamations contain the answer of the Home Government to the memorial which was some months since forwarded through Sir BARTLE FREER. The SECRETARY for the COLONIES was required to form a decision in embarrassing circumstances. The Government was not prepared to reconsider Lord CARNAVON'S measure; and it was probably thought that a hesitating answer would encourage the agitation. A peremptory refusal to yield has produced a similar result. It will now be extremely difficult to retract, even if the opinion of the Government should change. It is of course possible that a part of the population may be ready to accept accomplished facts; but the resolute attitude of the local leaders will exercise influence in the opposite direction. The inhabitants of the little towns, which are rather petty villages, are principally English. They naturally welcomed Sir GARNET WOLSELEY with professions of loyalty; but they form an insignificant section of the inhabitants. The Dutch farmers, though they are not highly cultivated, form a respectable and wealthy body, which is much more difficult to deal with than a knot of talking politicians. Even if arguments were likely to prevail against their prejudices, it is impossible to reach them. They read no newspapers, and listen to no speeches, except those of their own leaders, who are the promoters of resistance. A general and passive resistance to the law is more probable than armed opposition to authority. It is impossible to imprison the whole population, or even to distrain on their goods.

If the struggle continues it will be greatly complicated by the probable sympathy of the majority of the inhabitants of the Cape Colony for their countrymen in the Transvaal. The present Ministry represents the English colonists, who are more active, and perhaps more intelligent, than the descendants of the earlier settlers; but, if the Dutch were earnest and unanimous on any question, they have the power to control the Legislature and the Government. The Eastern province, in which the English element preponderates, has for this reason long desired separation from the rest of the colony; but its wishes have not been granted. The Cape Parliament was not consulted on the annexation of the Transvaal, which was effected in the name of the Imperial Government; but it would be impossible to prevent the expression by the colony of any strong opinion which might be formed. Discussion at home or in the colony would have little tendency to vindicate the policy or justice of the annexation. It was effected by Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, with doubtful powers under his commission, on the professed ground of the inability of the Republic to defend itself against the attacks of SECOCOENI. The reason might have been sufficient if it had been urged on the other side; and, indeed, it is not improbable that the Transvaal might have applied for annexation if the English Commissioner had waited until it was in still more hopeless straits. It was not unlikely that in the following year CETEWAYO would support SECOCOENI by undertaking an invasion which he had often threatened. He would in a short time have learned that the territorial arbitration had been decided in his favour; and, if the Republic had still been independent, no attempt would have been made by the arbitrating Government to deprive him of the fruits of the award. The Boers would probably in defiance of the award have attempted to retain their possessions by force; and CETEWAYO would have endeavoured to expel them. President BURGESS would have been utterly unable to resist an attack by the Zulu

KING, and any condition which might be thought expedient could have been imposed before English aid was given. Lord CAERNARVON, though he seems to have thought Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE's action precipitate, on the whole determined to confirm it. It is to be regretted that he has not now the opportunity of officially reversing the decision.

It is still not too late to confess and correct an error. The possession of the Transvaal with the consent and good will of its inhabitants would not be profitable, and the task of holding it for an indefinite time by force is wholly intolerable. Sir BARTLE FRERE, who in this case has not taken the pugnacious side, appears to have been impressed not perhaps so much by the arguments as by the feelings of the leading Boers. In forwarding the memorial in which they asked for restoration of their independence, he added the expression of his own opinion that the document was well entitled to attention. He could not, he said, judge whether the protest corresponded with the wishes of the majority, but he was satisfied that those who signed it were among the most considerable members of the community. The positive declarations of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY seem to have caused genuine surprise and disappointment. It has for many years been understood that the English nation will not retain by force the allegiance of any colony which may seek separation. Australia, Canada, and New Zealand are inhabited by English subjects, and their loyalty is altogether voluntary. The Transvaal has been in English possession only three or four years, and there would be no degradation in acknowledging that it was taken under a mistake. Any attempt to subdue it by force would be made in a half-hearted spirit which might easily lead to failure; and victory would scarcely be a cause for congratulation. If, on the other hand, it appears that the general community is contented to submit, the contumacy of the leaders may not prove to be insuperable. It may even be necessary to protect the interests of a minority. The whole subject at present is unpleasant and dispiriting.

#### SCREAMING POLITICIANS.

IT is always unfortunate when politicians begin to scream. People who sing too loud are almost sure to sing out of tune, and even the richest voice is apt to become harsh and shrill when its capabilities are unduly strained. Mr. LOWE was not sufficiently mindful of this fact in his recent address to the electors of Grantham. He had made himself perfect in the most popular Liberal airs, but he unfortunately pitched his voice in too high a key. It is just possible that he may have been betrayed into a performance which he had intended to reserve for another occasion. He was obviously disconcerted by the unfriendly temper of his audience, and in the flutter of excitement he was perhaps prematurely delivered of an harangue that had been prepared for the hustings. In the thick of the political fight such violent language would be less observed. In elections, as in love, much is permitted that would under other circumstances be deemed intolerable, and what the chairman described as "the row 'at the back of the meeting'" may have cheated Mr. LOWE into the belief that the struggle for party existence had already begun. The mystery which still surrounds the date of the impending dissolution is certainly calculated to harass the minds of irritable politicians. There are always some eager steeds who will persist in starting before the flag has fallen; but in the case of a politician so experienced as Mr. LOWE such a waste of energy is scarcely pardonable. Nor is there anything in his position which can be said to account for the painful exhibition at Grantham. When a speaker like the "patriot PARNELL" appeals to the passions of the mob, his conduct is at any rate capable of explanation. In his case the sole hope of popularity rests upon the support of the ignorant, and he is bound to pay for such support in coin that they will accept. But Mr. LOWE has no inducement to place himself in this humiliating position. As he was careful to explain to his audience at Grantham, he had no favour to ask at their hands. He represents a cultivated constituency which no doubt duly appreciates his intellectual gifts, and which would in no event demand from its member the qualities of a demagogue. He had, therefore, no excuse for the sudden assumption of the part he has now undertaken to play. His character as a member of the late Government offers

a further reason why his advocacy of his party should be conducted with sobriety and good sense; and yet, in spite of the independence which he enjoys, and the responsibilities attaching to his position, he has chosen to indulge in a kind of rhetoric that would be out of place even in the noisy debates of a turbulent Vestry.

The effect of this speech is likely to be the more damaging to the Liberal party from the fact that Mr. LOWE is not by nature endowed with any of the gifts of an impassioned orator. His utterances always bear the stamp of careful preparation, and they are put together with a semblance of logical method. The impatience of his audience may have served to add a certain element of bitterness to his attack upon the present Government; but the general lines of the address had evidently been determined beforehand. We may therefore assume that the speaker had provided himself with all the arguments which he judged to be necessary for his purpose; and, although he took occasion to declare that he spoke only for himself, it is impossible to escape the unpleasant impression that he felt himself to be supported by a powerful section of the Liberal party. From the beginning to the end of his speech he was clearly unconscious of any glaring defect either in the substance or the manner of his accusation. According to his own conceit he had furnished convincing evidence of the incapacity of his opponents, and he finished with the air of an accomplished lecturer who has vindicated his conclusions by a process of strict scientific demonstration. But if this assumption of logical method is to be accepted as sincere, the intellectual standard of party warfare must be said to have sadly fallen. Mr. LOWE is beyond dispute one of the most cultivated leaders in the Liberal camp, and when he can condescend to a kind of vituperation that would scarcely be admitted in a Fleet Street discussion forum, what, it may be asked, is likely to be the tone of the rank and file? At the commencement of his speech Mr. LOWE gravely informed his hearers that they were met to discharge "a great and solemn duty"; but this great and solemn duty proved in the event to be no more than the acceptance from the orator's lips of a vast amount of unmeasured political invective. The actions of the present Government were characterized in a manner which would have scarcely been appropriate if it had been applied to the unscrupulous promoters of a bubble company. Not only were these actions mischievous in themselves, but they were inspired by the meanest of human motives; and these accusations were put forward, not, as Mr. LOWE blandly remarked, "merely for the purposes of abuse," but as a serious contribution to political debate. The electors of Grantham must have shuddered to reflect upon the utterly worthless character of the men to whom the destinies of the country had for so many years been entrusted. The Tory party, they were informed, was held together "by mere cohesion," whatever that may mean, "and by no principle whatever." The existence of this party was said to depend merely upon the ingenuity of "that extraordinarily clever gentleman," Lord BEACONSFIELD, who had invented a scheme of action which was "the most cynical that ever entered into the mind of man." And, accepting Mr. LOWE's interpretation of the PREMIER's conduct, it must be allowed that even this scathing denunciation is by no means too strong; for it seems that Lord BEACONSFIELD "entirely gave up the notion that the 'business of the Tory party was to do anything for the good of the country at all, that it had the slightest interest in keeping our finances in order, or in doing any single thing in which consists the good of a Government.'" The most corrupt and worthless Administration the world has ever seen could scarcely be said to deserve a graver condemnation; and if all that Mr. LOWE said be true, the nation has evidently sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. "What the Tory 'party wanted,'" we are told, "was to stay in office 'by appealing to the worst passions and the lowest feelings of human nature, and in this they had succeeded'; and, lest there should be any misconception as to the speaker's meaning, the same allegation is repeated in another form, and the Government is described as having 'no higher idea than trying to find the means 'of protracting a miserable existence.'" Mr. LOWE did not appear to be conscious how seriously such criticisms as these react upon the character of his own political partisans. It is only recently that the Liberal press has been celebrating the conversion of Lord DERBY, and yet we are now asked to believe that the man who is welcomed



with acclamation to the Liberal ranks lent himself for years to the support of one of the vilest schemes of government which the world has ever seen. For these fierce onslaughts upon his opponents are distinctly applied to the conduct of affairs during the last six years. Although the action of the Government has been "so flagrant that no honest people can think of them without shame and degradation," the evil, as he is careful to point out, is of no recent growth. It has characterized the Tory party from the date of its accession to power, and therefore all the members of that party are equally responsible to an outraged country.

There is no need of serious comment to emphasize the reckless folly of this intemperate style of oratory. Mr. Lowe may, of course, plead that he is not the only offender; that Tories have said cruel things of Liberals in their time; and that only recently Mr. BRIGHT has sinned in almost equal measure. This might be a plausible defence as between one party and another; but it is absolutely inadmissible so far as the general body of the public is concerned. And it is the public which, after all, is most deeply wronged by the adoption of such disreputable tactics. Unless the political arena is to be lowered to the level of the prize-ring, those who are not pledged to the victory of either one party or the other will look with increasing disgust upon this wanton abuse of the license of political controversy. The nation has not so completely lost its self-respect as to demand from party combat the morbid excitement of a cock-fight. Sober-minded persons of every shade of opinion are willing, and even anxious, to listen to well-considered judgments upon the conduct of the Administration, and the present moment is specially favourable to the temperate statement of Liberal policy. But to make use of the weapons that Mr. Lowe has chosen is only to sicken all decent persons of the very name of party. If the tactics he and others have adopted are to be widely followed, the profession of politics must eventually sink into disrepute, and the conflict of parties will at last come to assume the unendurable character which Mr. Lowe is already disposed to ascribe to it. The political vocabulary will become gradually impoverished by the unrestrained use of bad language, and the discussion of all important questions must finally yield to the exclusive study of invective. In short, it is no exaggeration to declare that such a mode of controversy is the surest means of bringing both parties into contempt. It might perhaps suit the reputation of rival editors in an obscure provincial town, but it is worse than ridiculous when transferred to the higher atmosphere of Parliamentary life, and adopted by men who have already occupied the position of statesmen, and who may again be summoned to take part in the government of their country. Grave politicians who have a character to lose can scarcely afford to assume a tone which is discredited even by the least scrupulous representatives of journalism. If they wish to obtain a hearing from the public, they must learn to keep their criticism of opponents within temperate bounds; for in the effort to convince the world that political wisdom or integrity is the exclusive possession of any one party, they merely serve to beget a feeling of entire incredulity as to the strength and reality of their own convictions.

#### MR. RAIKES ON THE BUSINESS OF PARLIAMENT.

AN article by Mr. RAIKES in the *Nineteenth Century* on the public business of the House of Commons deserves the attention which may always be claimed by a writer who applies accurate and special knowledge to the treatment of an important subject. Although the conduct of Parliamentary business can only be regulated, or even thoroughly understood, by members of the House, recent circumstances justify an appeal to the opinion of the general community against practices which threaten the very existence of Parliamentary government. It is not clear whether Mr. RAIKES desires to address his colleagues in the House or to appeal to a wider audience. For the purpose of informing and consulting the general judgment he is at some disadvantage from his inability to disguise or suspend his minute familiarity with the subject. In literary controversy it is inexpedient to use the technical dialect of the House of Commons, as when Mr. RAIKES talks of "honourable members," of "faithful Commons,"

or of a "goodly volume" of statutes. On the other hand, he states with perfect clearness the existing arrangement of Parliamentary business, and he even condescends to explain the abstruse distinction between Supply and Ways and Means. One Committee recommends a grant of money for a particular public service, and a second Committee authorizes the expenditure of the amount for the same purpose. The apportionment of Parliamentary time among the Government and members engaged in different kinds of business is fully and clearly explained. Veteran members know all the practice of the House as if by instinct; while the details escape the memory of students who have no opportunity of applying the knowledge which they may possibly have acquired. Mr. RAIKES might with advantage have avoided occasional exaggeration. It is not the fact that Parliament is so jealous of its authority that "it does not allow a mile of railway to be laid, a yard of water-piping or gas-piping to be put down by a joint-stock Company, without scanning the details and balancing the advantages of each such project with minute criticism." A Select Committee may, on a few occasions, have considered "such legal difficulties as beset the various classes of bondholders in a colonial Railway Company"; but in all these cases the promoters have asked for privileges beyond the ordinary law. Parliament never troubles itself with gas-piping or with water-piping in detail. Questions relating to railways and to gas and water supply often involve conflicts of important interests, which no tribunal is better qualified to settle than a Committee of Parliament. Its useful labours have no tendency to obstruct or in any way to affect public business.

The Chairman of Committees has more frequent opportunities than the Speaker himself of noticing the various methods by which the time of Parliament is carelessly or deliberately wasted. In Committees every member may speak again and again on the same question, and motions to report progress may be indefinitely multiplied. In Committee of Supply every item may be discussed at length, although it is necessary to deal with hundreds of pages of Estimates. The ancient theory that grievance precedes Supply furnishes an excuse for refusing to go into Committee, for reporting progress, and for objecting to any single grant. Mr. RAIKES attributes much of the complexity of Parliamentary practice, and of the consequent facility for causing delay, to the original doctrine that the business of the House of Commons was rather criticism than legislation; but the existing forms have survived for many generations since Parliament assumed its present functions. WALPOLE and PITT, with their Secretaries of the Treasury, had to obtain votes of Supply by the same process which is now employed by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Sir H. SELWIN IBBETSON. It is true that there was then less to do, but there were the same opportunities of obstruction. Before the Reform Bill the House of Commons enjoyed the great advantage of managing its business through the leaders of the Government and Opposition. FOX would have been utterly incapable of contesting the votes of Supply in detail, even if he had wished to embarrass the Government by petty attacks, instead of habitually assailing its policy on general grounds. On some occasions Parliaments of former times had experience of obstruction which was not always deemed unjustifiable. Mr. RAIKES would have almost despaired of improvement in the conduct of business if he had occupied the chair in days when every member had a right to raise a debate on a petition. It was by this method that seventy years ago BROUGHAM assailed the famous Orders in Council, with the result of compelling the Government to withdraw them. Night after night he presented petitions against the Orders and made eloquent speeches in support of their prayer; but his success was due not to his wearing out the patience of the Ministers so much as to the impression which he produced on public opinion. Many years afterwards it was found necessary to abolish the right of speaking on petitions; and some time elapsed before loquacious members discovered substitutes for the inconvenient practice.

Of private members and their legislative projects Mr. RAIKES evidently holds the same opinion which has been more openly expressed by Mr. Lowe. If they as well as their Bills could be relegated to one day in the week, there would, as at present, be little irresponsible legislation, and necessary business would not be impeded by motions

As Mr. RAIKES says, the Wednesday Bills, if they were seriously discussed, would require in every year, not the fifth part of a Session, but five Sessions. He would give some of the more important measures a chance of due consideration by placing them in order, according to the stages which they had reached, under the same rules which prevail with respect to private Bills; but serious legislation can in modern times only be accomplished by the Government. The happiest fate to which the non-official promoter of a Bill can aspire is to withdraw it on a promise by a Minister that the Government will take charge of the same or a similar measure. The recent instance of the substitution of the Irish University Bill for The O'CONNOR DON'S proposal may perhaps encourage private attempts at legislation. Motions and questions on going into Committee of Supply are more elastic and voluminous. Mr. RAIKES calls attention to the great advantage which has been derived from morning sittings in the latter part of the Session; and he would apparently wish to extend the practice by commencing it sooner. When the House meets at nine P.M. on Fridays, after a morning sitting of some hours, ordinary energies are in some degree repressed. Other details in which alterations are proposed will only be fully intelligible to members of the House. Their corporate self-esteem will not be wounded by any of the objections which are urged to existing causes of delay. Mr. RAIKES is deeply and justly impressed with the industry and energy which sometimes take the form of unseasonable activity.

Some members may probably be disappointed when they find that the Chairman of Committees has no definite remedy to suggest for the alarming evil of wilful and disloyal obstruction. If the additional facilities for the transaction of business which he suggests were multiplied tenfold, the remaining forms, or any forms which could be devised, might still be perverted and abused. Any member could speak for six hours, helping his invention by reading irrelevant documents; and, if the length of speeches were limited, twenty or thirty votaries of obstruction might conspire to speak in turn. All institutions which are freely administered depend on the good faith of those who are charged with peculiar rights and duties. Two or three men cannot act together for the simplest common object if one of them is a deliberate traitor to the implied compact of co-operation. Mr. RAIKES proposes to diminish by various arrangements the chances of obstruction proceeding from negligence, from restlessness, from vanity, and from other pardonable weaknesses. Against spiteful dishonesty he thinks it impossible to guard by any system of rules; but nevertheless he is not inclined to despair of successful resistance. Perhaps he is too sanguine, as late experience has shown the readiness of other factions to countenance and encourage the enemies of Parliamentary government; but, if the House of Commons is to retain its exercise of supreme power, it must deal directly with the offenders. Mr. RAIKES thinks it not improbable that, under immediate provocation, the House will on some occasion take a course which may afterwards form a precedent for internal legislation. It is certain that no change in the rules will effect the desired object, unless direct action is taken against the culprits. The House of Commons is not bound to require formal evidence of offences which are committed under its own observation. With sound judgment, Mr. RAIKES warns friends of the Constitution against the vain hope that the forms of Parliament may hereafter facilitate resistance to revolutionary legislation. "Imagine the mountain baulked 'by such a relic of old times as this, or the ocean kept 'out by Mrs. PARTINGTON'S time-honoured broom.' The indulgence granted to a troublesome opponent of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would not be accorded to a respectable Conservative.

#### A GERMAN VIEW OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

IT might be rash to attempt to ascertain the precise place in the German army occupied by "RUDOLPH VON SCHWERT, Captain in the 17th (Pomeranian) 'Uhlans,'" to whom the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* are indebted for a lively and interesting article on the British army. This gallant officer and not unkindly critic may perhaps be concealing his identity under a name so appropriate to a German cavalry soldier. Indeed some of the notes which the translator here and there appends suggest that the author's blunders may not be quite un-

intentional. Whether they are meant to do so or not, such corrections as that Lord PENZANCE is not a "retired 'Chief Justice,'" and that "only a part of the Indian 'Civil Service' is composed of military officers," seem to bring out the substantial truth rather than the accidental inaccuracy of Captain VON SCHWERT'S statements. "A German View of the British Army" may very well stand, however, on its own merits. If it dwells more upon the points which would strike, or might be thought likely to strike, a foreigner than on those to which Englishmen most naturally recur when they happen to think about the army, it is nothing more than might be expected from the title of the article.

The influence of the changes in the direction of democracy which the Government of England has undergone is amusingly illustrated by military examples. Thus the democratic spirit "grudges the elevation of one man above 'his fellows,'" and accordingly promotion in the British army is rigidly determined by seniority. Even that "limited 'degree of inequality'" is discouraged which consists in promoting men who have greatly distinguished themselves. In the Napoleonic wars, happily for England, the system was different. No regard, indeed, was paid to merit as such, but the system which made young men of good birth colonels "when still almost in their teens" at least gave the English army a body of young and active generals, who might, and often did, justify their advancement after the fact. Now, except when chance befriends a man in some extraordinary way, he must mount one step at a time, even though he may lose the power of being useful before he has reached the top. Captain VON SCHWERT recognizes the democratic spirit in the division of responsibility between the War Office and the Horse Guards, in the unwillingness of the Government to give the War Office a suitable building in which to do its work, and in the politeness which the War Minister displays towards those inquisitive deputies who plague him with questions. The division of responsibility is especially injurious because it prevents the creation of any really comprehensive scheme of military reform. The War Minister cannot carry out such a scheme because he has no military experts on his staff; the Commander-in-Chief, who has the military staff, is not allowed to do it. The result is that the energy which ought to be directed to the amendment of the British army goes to the administration of it unattended. The civilian officials who surround the Secretary of State vindicate their right to exist by a constant exercise of harassing and petty control. In time of peace an English general is kept in leading strings. "He superintends discipline indeed, and may take the 'handful of troops under his orders out for exercise of a 'morning without asking leave; but in all that relates to 'their food, clothing, arms, and equipment, in short all 'that bears on the real administration of the army, he has 'no more to say than the horse he bestrides." As soon as war comes these positions are reversed. The department is nothing, because its rules only contemplate a state of peace; the general is everything, because he knows what he wants, and, if he is an able man, contrives to get it.

The existing organization of the English army does not awaken much admiration in Captain VON SCHWERT. His comments come pretty much to this—What is it all meant for? Is it for home defence, or for foreign service, or for the protection of different parts of the Empire? Some years ago Englishmen were seized by one of their usual panics, and under the influence of this alarm they mapped out the country into districts, and assigned to each of them an army corps composed of regular troops, militia, and volunteers. But an army corps, even when it is designed only for defence, must have a staff and the means of transport. There must be a provision for command and a provision for moving the troops where they are wanted. The English army corps has neither. It presents an excellent appearance on paper, because on paper, provided the rank and file are forthcoming, it does not matter that they are helpless and stationary. Captain VON SCHWERT is not greatly surprised at this omission, because he sees that the English conception of war always embodies the notion of foreign expeditions. But, unfortunately, our military system is as unsuited for foreign service as for home defence. Readiness for a foreign expedition demands that a certain portion of the army, however small, shall always be in readiness to be ordered abroad. The peculiarity of an English army corps is that before it can be sent abroad it must be broken up and reorganized. The reason



of this is that every army corps includes Militia, who can only be employed at home, and Volunteers, who can only be employed under special circumstances. The same cause makes the English army corps useless in its ordinary form for the protection of the Empire. The Colonial Empire of England involves a never-ending liability to undertake military operations in some distant quarter of the globe. It might have been supposed that, in view of this necessity, a small force would always have been kept in a state of complete preparation to go wherever it might be wanted. The shortest possible notice is often all that can be given; but where this fact is known, the shortest notice, or no notice at all, ought to be sufficient. The Governments of the day go on quite another system. As soon as each difficulty is disposed of, they cut down the rank and file of the army, and then, when the next call for its services occurs, everything has to be got together afresh. This is not the only blunder that has been made. The system of short service is altogether unsuited to an army which may at any moment be wanted in India or South Africa. It was borrowed from the Germans, but applied under wholly different conditions and to wholly different necessities. The Germans have no difficulty about recruiting, for service is compulsory; and being thus spared the necessity of making the army attractive, they can work their recruits seven hours a day. The English have to tempt recruits into the service, and are consequently afraid to make discipline unduly irksome. The Germans want their army for operations near home; consequently the reserves can immediately be made available. The English want their army at the other side of the world, and have no time to wait for their reserves, even if they existed. The result is that the ordinary defence of the Empire falls entirely on the army actually with the colours, and it has lately been discovered that "for emergencies of this sort weak battalions of young troops are not the best material."

Captain VON SCHWERT is very much impressed by the dress of the English soldier. The first peculiarity, he says, is that it has no reference to the object for which soldiers are supposed to be maintained. The dress of a regiment on parade would be an absurd dress if it were worn on active service. Its redeeming quality is that it never is worn on active service. On parade the great end seems to be to distinguish officers from men, and to give the enemy's sharpshooters a sure mark in the cocked hats and plumes of the generals. Unfortunately, though the English army is the most expensively dressed of any in Europe, the result is not commensurate with the outlay. Captain VON SCHWERT could never see a tall trooper "wearing on the extreme edge of his head a little cap about as useful as the pocket handkerchief a lady carries at a ball, his legs encased in very tightly strapped trowsers, and the upper part of his body in a very tight and very short jacket, with not a pocket big enough to hold even a sausage," without longing to present "the poor fellow with a petticoat to wrap round him." All that the English seem to care for in their uniforms is smartness, and the one thing that seems to be considered incompatible with smartness is skirts. When Captain VON SCHWERT remembers the comfortable frock worn by both branches of his own army, he pleases himself with the thought that, as the English are an imitative people in things military, they will probably soon adopt the good German custom of a coat that really covers.

Whatever may be the real origin of this article, it contains several useful and timely suggestions for military reform. If Englishmen could understand that foreigners have by this time learned to look at their army as it is, quite undazzled by the light of its traditional reputation, they might be the more willing to set heartily to work to mend matters. If they are tempted to embark upon such an enterprise, they will find Captain VON SCHWERT a profitable as well as an entertaining guide.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL PATRONAGE.

WE feel that we almost owe an apology to our readers for straggling into the dreary land of platitudes if we observe how often a big, burning question shouted from his tub by some enthusiast, and re-echoed by the hungry tribe of grievance-mongers, turns out on a little careful investigation to be no single question at all, but an intricate old system with its good and its bad points,

cool to the cool-headed, and, instead of being one big matter, really a collection of small incidents hanging very closely upon each other. Such, in the hands of the Royal Commission which has just presented its Report, is ecclesiastical patronage, about which Radicals in State or in Church have so many ugly things to say. The Commissioners, after adopting the definition of patronage given by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH's Committee of 1874, as "in the nature of a trust to be exercised for the spiritual benefit of the parish-ioners," add, with great good sense, "It appears to us that the varied system of patronage, public and private, which now prevails, has the advantage of interesting in it all classes of the community, and of ensuring within reasonable limits the due representation of corresponding varieties of thought and opinion in the ministry of our National Church." The subsequent premiss on which they insist is no less worthy of respect. "Nor should it be forgotten that a large amount of property has been invested under existing laws in private patronage, and that the total value of livings in the control of private patrons exceeds that of livings in public patronage." They are accordingly not prepared to recommend such remedies for the existing abuses, which they acknowledge and deplore, as are likely to strike at the root of private patronage or widely to depart from existing practice.

The sale of benefices, in particular, is to be regulated, not abolished. Disposing of them by auction righteously occasions public scandal, and must be done away with. The offence of simony, which is now little better than a conscience trap, is to be defined according to the dictates of common sense. Hereafter every sale is to be a formal public transaction, attested by an instrument deposited in the diocesan registry and open to inspection. On the vexed question of the sale of next presentations there was a division among the Commissioners; the Report, which utters the voice of the majority, condemns the practice, while Lord DEVON and Lord Justice JAMES decline to recommend its abolition. Lord DEVON is unable to concur, because he believes that the power of purchasing a next presentation is often the means of introducing men well fitted for and likely to be devoted to their parochial duties, who might not otherwise obtain an opportunity; because it tends in certain cases to put patronage in other hands than those of landowners, and creates in persons not hereditarily connected with land, not only an interest in the Church as an establishment, but "also not improbably a desire to promote its efficiency as an appointed instrument for the diffusion of religious truth"; and, finally, because, while he admits the present existence of certain evils, he believes that the safeguards recommended in the Report will diminish, if not entirely obviate, them. The Lord Justice simply dissents on the ground of the insufficiency of evidence for such an interference with an existing legal right. Our opinion is entirely consonant with that of the dissentients, for we believe the prohibition to be practically impossible, and undesirable if possible. Patrons may roughly be divided into those who do and those who do not recognize the sacred responsibilities of patronage. Either of them may want money, and feel himself compelled, with more or less real necessity, to make his adwoson a matter of sale. If he can sell the next presentation the old patronage still remains, and reverts to the original line of patrons. But, if Parliament abolishes this power of parting with merely a turn, one of two things occurs, according as the vendor is scrupulous or unscrupulous. If he is scrupulous, he has, perhaps under no more stress than a season of agricultural depression like the present one, to alienate for ever the adwoson from the old property, which possibly includes the entire parish, to the great spiritual detriment and material discomfort of all the inhabitants. But, if he is unscrupulous, he has only to go to any sporting attorney of the meanest capacity to be put up to some device whereby his choice of parson, without legally involving sale or purchase, will not prove unremunerative. In short, under the suggested abolition the sale system would most probably be perpetuated in a more aggravated form, both as to the process itself and as to the quality of the man appointed; for, of course, the nominee might shut his eyes, but could not close his intellect to the real nature of the transaction. We are not insensible to the evils of the worst form of the existing liberty, that of the constantly recurring sales of each successive turn of some particular living. But here, at least, as Lord DEVON points out, that "variety"

which the Commissioners admire in our system comes in; and, on the whole, we think the evil even of such an abuse more than counterbalanced by those which would arise out of an enforced prohibition. The safeguards which the Commissioners lay down as necessary to fence the sale of advowsons are equally applicable to and equally likely to prove advantageous in the case of a next presentation coming into the market.

So far the Report deals with the question of sale, but the regulation of that process is not a sufficient reform of our system of patronage, unless the bishop also receives additional powers of refusing institution to an unworthy clerk. The Report accordingly proposes to enlarge the test of "idoneity," and to admit as disqualifications want of physical capacity for the particular cure, too great or insufficient age, immorality after ordination not sufficiently purged, and want of sufficient testimonials. As to age, it is proposed that the maximum and minimum ages above or below which the bishop shall not be compellable to institute are over seventy years old or less than three years in holy orders. We must refer our readers to the Report for the proposals which it offers with the hope of making testimonials more trustworthy than they now are, and for the more simple legal processes which it proposes to substitute for the cumbersome and expensive requirements of the actual law. They include a recognized method of objection on the part of discontented parishioners, into which we think that provisions should be inserted to make the proceeding expensive to those whose objections are declared frivolous and vexatious.

We are glad to see the Commissioners set their faces against "pecuniary traffic" in exchanges, an operation which is too often carried out with very little regard for the legitimate rights or feelings of the patron. Rules are suggested to regulate the acceptance by the bishop of resignations of benefices. We read with pleasure that the Commissioners think that "the existing practice of resignation bonds seems to us 'capable of being abused for purposes of oppression or corruption'; while its legality is a matter of less than fifty years. Accordingly the Commissioners recommend its being replaced by an expedient similar to that which we believe Mr. BERESFORD HOPE has often and publicly recommended, in case the patron should desire to reserve the presentation for some one not yet of age to be presented—namely, a deferred presentation, and the occupation in the meanwhile of the cure by a curate appointed by the bishop. The Commissioners recommend an immediate presentation, but one which shall include two names, and not, as elsewhere suggested, a presentation altogether postponed for a given time. Either expedient would be much better than the present plan. The recommendation to convert donatives into presentative benefices was a foregone conclusion, though we are glad to read that it does not appear to the Commissioners that "donatives which 'have been so abused are very numerous.'" Finally, an alteration in the law of sequestration is recommended, and by way of supplementary suggestions it is proposed to reduce the time after which the right to present by lapse accrues from six to four months, while the notion is thrown out of a diocesan Board of presentation for such windfalls, partly composed of laymen, but with the bishop for chairman, and that this Board should be allowed to accept advowsons. We do not think that the Commissioners show the wisdom which marks most of their recommendations, in throwing out a suggestion for an experimental body which would, if confined to the functions included in the Report, work fitfully and on rare occasions, but yet would embody a novel principle capable of being very mischievously pressed by ecclesiastical revolutionists. If the Commission felt itself called upon to utilize windfalls, it might more judiciously have approached the question from the other side, and limited the bishop's powers of presentation to such casual pieces of patronage by confining his choice to clergymen who had been working for some definite period within his diocese. The very next recommendation is one in limitation of the patronage which is in some unlucky parishes vested in the inhabitants. We are surprised that it did not strike the Commission in proposing its newfangled Board that they were themselves bringing in, though in another form, the principle of popular election to cure of souls. They ought at the least to have given some hint

of the way in which they intended the "lay element" to be introduced into the new Boards.

The last two of the supplementary recommendations are for a modification in the law of pluralities, enabling a benefice with a small endowment and large population to be held together with another of large endowment and small population in the same diocese, and for public patrons being relieved from the necessity of obtaining a licence in mortmain for the acquisition of endowments.

We congratulate the Church of England on the question of patronage passing for even a short time from the hands of violent and unjust declaimers, such as Mr. BRIGHT, with whom rhetoric stands instead of accuracy, and having been dispassionately considered by cool and moderate men of sense and business.

#### ELECTION EXPENSES.

THERE is at least one section of Englishmen who must be ardently, if fearfully, praying that the interval which still separates them from a dissolution of Parliament may mercifully be shortened. Candidates who have never yet contested a seat are now wondering, in alternate fits of hope and fear, whether the election will cost as much as people say. They have reckoned up what appear to be the necessary expenses, and even when these have been calculated liberally, and a handsome margin thrown in for contingencies, they do not seem very alarming. But this theoretical consolation stands them in no real stead by the side of such a letter as that of Mr. POWELL's in the *Times* a few days ago. What are *à priori* arguments when measured against the tremendous realities which that letter discloses? It is easy enough to prove that an election need not, or even that it cannot, cost more than a certain moderate sum. Unfortunately, whether it can or cannot cost more, it somehow always does cost more. And, what is almost worse, this fact pretty well exhausts the knowledge that a candidate can hope to obtain beforehand on the question. The actual expense will far outrun the estimated expense—that is established by an unbroken chain of evidence. But how great the gulf will be, and how much money the candidate will have to find over and above what he reckoned on, are matters on which an impenetrable veil rests until the moment when the accounts are presented.

Perhaps if a Bill to diminish election expenses could be introduced on the day after a general election, when every member whom custom has not hardened is still smarting under the conviction that he will be a great deal more out of pocket by his success than he could have believed possible when he issued his address, some really effective steps might be taken to reduce them. But the feeling, if it ever exists, seems shortly to pass away, and the next time that Parliament is moved to legislate in this sense, the sufferers themselves stand ready with a score of good reasons to prove that, though it is most important that elections should be cheaply conducted, every specific proposal to cheapen them ought on some ground or other to be rejected. It may be that the imaginations of the members run rather on the efforts which may be made to displace them than on those which they themselves may have to make to retain their seats. From this point of view a really stringent Election Expenses Bill would be regarded as merely a mean attempt to help other men to get for little or nothing the seats which the present holders had bought at a great price. Or it may be the inherent modesty of members of Parliament which leads them to despise economy. They feel in a great number of cases that, if they are not allowed to supplement their claims by a little judicious bribery, their chances of success will be exceedingly small. It is hard to say what the reason is, but there can be no doubt as to the fact. If a man wishes to become unpopular in the House of Commons, he cannot do better than identify himself with some measure for limiting the expenditure in Parliamentary elections. A thousand holes will be picked in it at every stage, and it will ultimately be withdrawn because it has been so altered in Committee that its dearest friends would not know it again. Perhaps members are shy of having their names associated with economies of this sort. Election time is still a harvest to a good number of persons in every constituency, and a candidate who had tried to



make that harvest less profitable might find out his mistake when he next presented himself before the electors. They have been accustomed to make hay while the sun shines, and they might not love the man who had drawn any further cloud over the sun's already darkened face. Without invoking some such far-fetched reason as this, it is impossible to explain why men who certainly have no desire to spend money needlessly should be so utterly unable to devise a measure which shall reduce election expenses to the modest proportions which they ought to wear.

The next crop of election petitions will probably yield several useful suggestions for an Election Expenses Bill. We shall have had further experience of the Ballot and of the peculiar forms of corruption which the Ballot has brought with it. It was evident from the first that, as regards corruption, a change of form would be all that the Ballot would effect. It is an efficient remedy against intimidation, because in that case the voter is assumed to have a political conscience, and to know for whom he would vote if he were not voting under coercion. Secrecy makes the working of this coercion altogether untrustworthy. No matter what threats may have been held out to him, nothing can prevent the voter from giving his vote at the last moment to the candidate he likes best. In corruption, on the other hand, the political conscience is wanting. The elector regards his vote simply as a marketable article. When once he finds himself in the polling booth, he cannot sell his vote over again, and the most ordinary honesty dictates that, as he can make nothing by being untrue to his bargain, he should vote according to his promise. Still the natural desire of election agents to make sure that they have got value for their money will probably lead to a good deal of ingenuity in this direction. We shall at least see whether the nursing of constituencies or the bribing of voters is the more popular mode of spending a candidate's money. Nevertheless, when all has been learnt on these points that experience has to teach, and when the ingenuity of the Legislature has been exhausted in devising methods of securing electoral purity, there will remain many forms of expenditure which constitute a heavy drain on the candidate's pocket, though they do not imperil his seat. A contested election must be a costly business, unless Parliament is prepared to take very extreme measures to cheapen it. In fact, there is but one remedy which even pretends to strike at the root of the evil, and that is one which, for various reasons, Parliament has hitherto been unwilling to adopt. If it is desired to make elections cheap, the present distinction between necessary expenses and expenses which, though not necessary, are not illegal, must be abolished, and the law must refuse to recognize any outlay as legal which has not been paid through the Returning Officer and certified by him to be indispensable. It is plain that a provision of this kind would have very extensive consequences. The limit of necessary expenses would tend more and more to coincide with the limits of those expenses without which an election could hardly be held. If more than this were allowed by the Returning Officer, he would constantly have to decide questions of the utmost delicacy. Let us suppose, for example, that one candidate had spent 50*l.* in canvassing, while another had spent 500*l.*; that one man contented himself with placarding every blank wall in a town with his address to the electors, while another had it left at every house by hand; or that one man provided carriages for every voter, and that another only undertook to find them for infirm voters, or for voters living more than a specified distance from the poll, while a third perhaps refused to find any carriages at all. Is the Returning Officer to certify that all these sums are equally necessary? If it is sufficient for one man to spend 50*l.*, how can it be necessary for another man contesting the same constituency to spend 500*l.*? The result, unless the whole affair became a mere form, must inevitably be to make the lowest outlay the standard for others, and to stamp as illegal many forms of expenditure which are now regarded as lawful, if not indispensable. If Parliament thinks proper to make such a law, there can be no objection to its doing so. If no appeals to the electors were permitted, except the placarding of the candidates' addresses and the holding of public meetings, a constituency would probably gain as intelligent an appreciation of the candidates' merits as under a system of personal canvass. Whether Parliament will think proper to pass a law so unlike anything that Englishmen are accustomed to is another question. The

law has already been pushed somewhat far in the direction of prohibiting colours and other methods of exciting party interest; and it is hard to say whether the inefficiency of what has been done most shows the need of doing more or the inutilty of doing so much. But, without some stringent measure of this kind, there seems to be no chance of materially reducing expenses. When candidates are rich and anxious to win they will spend money, unless it can be brought home to them that to spend it will only defeat the end they have in view.

The real question that has to be decided is whether the disease or the remedy is the worse. The idea that any less unpleasant remedy will work the desired cure may be altogether dismissed. At the same time, it is possible that some partial improvement might be effected if the party organizations which now play so large a part in electioneering were to take the expenses of the candidates under their control. When a Liberal or Conservative association has chosen the candidates it favours, it might undertake to carry them through the contest for a fixed sum. It is even conceivable that, under this system, it might become a matter of emulation among these associations to work elections cheaply. At all events we do not see that the corruption of the constituencies would be any greater if the expense were controlled by a party organization than it is now when it is in the hands of a candidate and his agents. Though ardent partisans will sometimes bribe for their candidate, it is probable that, in the majority of cases, candidates bribe yet more freely for themselves.

#### THE UNLIMITED BANKS AND THE NEW ACT.

IT is generally understood that the leading joint-stock banks are at present considering whether they shall avail themselves of the powers conferred by the Act of last Session to re-register as limited Companies. A meeting has, indeed, already been held by the representatives of the country banks to discuss the question. The London banks have not yet proceeded so far; but the time is approaching when the directors must come before the shareholders and be prepared to say what they intend to do, and it is obviously desirable that, if any action is to be taken, it should be, if possible, taken by all in common. Before proposing common action, however, it is necessary that each Board should determine for itself what course it deems desirable. The consideration of the subject has not yet gone beyond this initial stage. Statements have appeared in print to the effect that two of the largest of the banks have actually decided to take advantage of the Act, but it may be doubted whether they have yet come to any definite resolution. It is, indeed, an open secret that the three principal joint-stock banks are in favour of this course, and it is to be expected that they will urge it upon other establishments; but it is hardly probable that, without taking steps to have a meeting called, or in any way formally ascertaining what other banks will do, they or any of them have positively decided to become limited. Of the remaining banks, some no doubt hope that, by remaining unlimited while their bigger rivals register under the Act, they will gain a large accession of business; others are undecided; and others, again, are anxious not to attract notice, and therefore deprecate a change. The country banks have been more prompt in making up their minds. At the recent meeting they passed a resolution approving of limitation, and they are now apparently waiting to see what the London banks will do. In Scotland and Ireland there is as much divergence of opinion as in London. Three of the Scotch banks, as is well known, already enjoy the advantages of limitation, without being compelled to write the word "Limited" after their names; and the remainder fear that, if they were to "ticket themselves" with this obnoxious word, they would fall in the estimation of the public. In Ireland, again, certain of the banks have never published a balance-sheet; and, as they would be compelled to submit to an audit of their accounts if they were to register under the Act, it is not thought likely that they will do so. The others fear to become limited so long as these remain unlimited.

It will be seen that a considerable number of banks in all three countries are indisposed to move. Leaving out of account those which fear that their credit may be too weak to bear any apparent diminution of the security they offer to their creditors, and those which simply

hope to increase their business should their competitors become limited, the motives of the remainder may be classed under four heads. First, there is a vague expectation of further legislation next year. The Act was hurried through Parliament in the very last week of the Session, did not receive adequate discussion, was shorn of many of its best provisions, and altogether is crude and unsatisfactory. It is argued, therefore, that it must be amended next year. Without pretending to be in the secrets of the Government, we should say that this expectation is almost certain to be disappointed. The very fact that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER insisted upon carrying the main proposal of his Bill—the power to limit liability—affords strong evidence that he has no intention of doing more. Else he would naturally have withdrawn the Bill, and secured for it early discussion in the coming Session. This expectation is, however, only a plea for procrastination; a more active objection is the dislike to the word "Limited." This dislike, for the reason already stated, is strongest in Scotland, though it exists everywhere. But clearly it would have no force if all the banks registered under the Act. A third restraining cause is the fear that depositors might take fright at the notice of the intended change. We are aware that men whose opinions are entitled to weight share this apprehension, but for ourselves we cannot think that it need operate as a deterrent. It is admitted that there would be no danger in London or the large provincial towns; and in the smaller towns and rural districts it must surely be possible to give explanations that will prepare the public for the change. Indeed the fact that the country banks are the first to concert together to take steps under the Act ought to dissipate alarm on this point. The country bankers must be supposed to know their own business, and they may be trusted not recklessly to provoke a panic. But the most powerful of all the objections to limitation is the fear that it would permanently lower the credit of the banks, and disincline depositors to lodge their money with them. This is a danger which it is certainly incumbent on the banks to guard against. Clearly no sensible man would lodge his money with a bank for the small interest he would obtain on it unless he had ample security that it would be returned to him. Hitherto unlimited liability apparently gave him this security, since it pledged to him the whole property, real and personal, of every shareholder in the bank. But henceforward it will become less and less possible to rely on this security. With the fate before their eyes of the unfortunate shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank, it is hardly to be expected that, as a rule, men of property will in future continue shareholders of unlimited banks. But, with the deterioration of the proprietary, the credit of the banks will inevitably decline, and depositors will hesitate to trust their money upon an illusory security. In any case, then, the banks have to face the danger contemplated in the objection upon which we are commenting; and the question for them to consider is, seeing that with unlimited liability they have no means of preventing the deterioration of the proprietary, whether with limited liability they cannot give sufficient security to their depositors and other creditors to reassure them?

In a letter to last Saturday's *Statist* Mr. JOHN DUN, a practical banker and writer of reputation, has offered a solution of this question which we would commend to the attention of directors and shareholders of joint-stock banks, whether limited or unlimited. Mr. DUN's idea is to ascertain from actual experience what proportion in cases of failure the losses of banks bear to the business risks, and to fix the reserve capital—that which can be called only for winding-up—at that proportion. The business risks, we need hardly remark, are altogether distinct from the liabilities. The money received on deposit and current account, for example, is employed by the bank in its business. A part is used in the discounting of bills; another part in making advances; a third part is lent out to the bill-brokers from day to day, or for a fortnight, or other short term, waiting for more profitable employment; a fourth part is invested in Consols and other first-class securities; and a fifth is cash in the till or with the Bank of England. This last part runs no risk, and neither does the fourth, provided ordinary judgment is exercised in the investment. The real business risks are confined to the first three categories—the bills, advances, and short loans. What proportion the losses bear to these

is the problem which Mr. DUN sets himself to determine. To do so exhaustively would be a work of almost endless labour; but he approximately effects it by taking the cases of five large banks which have failed with aggregate business risks amounting to nearly 35½ millions. These are the Liverpool Borough, the Royal of Liverpool, the City of Glasgow, the Western of Scotland, and the West of England. Mr. DUN finds that the proportion in these five cases was 37 per cent. But, as he justly observes, the recklessness and fraud exhibited in the management of the City of Glasgow Bank make that a case by itself. In none of the other four cases was the proportion of losses higher than 28 per cent. He concludes, therefore, that a reserve capital equal to one-third of the business risks would give creditors all the security that can be required. Passing on to apply this conclusion to the five leading joint-stock banks—the London and Westminster, the London Joint-Stock, the London and County, the Union of London, and the National Provincial—he shows that the first of these need not increase its capital on becoming limited, but that the other four would have to make larger or smaller augmentations. It would be out of place here to go in detail into the calculations on which these conclusions are based; but we have little hesitation in saying that the result arrived at appears to us well-established. Of course we do not mean to imply that a hard and fast rule can be laid down to apply to every bank. Each one, in adapting the general rule to its own circumstances, would necessarily take into consideration the particular nature of the business it transacts. It would also have to take into account whether its deposits are in few and large sums or in many and small ones. But all this hardly needs to be stated. A general rule is a guide for the wise, not an inflexible law which must be obeyed in every instance to the letter. It is perhaps safe to say that the one-third limit ought to be regarded as the minimum. But, while it is essential that the security should be ample, it is of no less importance that some limit should in every case be set to the liability of shareholders. Otherwise, as we have already observed, the proprietary of our banks must almost inevitably deteriorate. With such a limit men of property may continue to be bank shareholders without necessarily incurring risks from which sensible men would shrink.

#### THE MILITARY SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE course of military events in Afghanistan so far has illustrated very distinctly both our strength and our weakness. It is now clear that all notion of an organized resistance in the open field is beyond the capacity of the factions with which we have to deal. If the late Ameer, wielding all the forces of the country united together—if such a description may be applied to any rule in Afghanistan—was unable to make head against us, it was not to be expected that any single faction or combination of factions would have any success. The experiment was tried when the mutineers in Cabul took up the very strong position of Chārasiāb, where with good troops a stubborn resistance might have been made. But the defenders had evidently no belief in the success of their own cause, and as a body did not fight well; and with that victory—if such it may be called—the war was virtually over. The men who gave up that position so easily were hardly of the sort to make of the city of Cabul a second Saragossa. Not the less is all credit due to General Roberts for the vigour with which the advance on Cabul was pressed on. Had any delay occurred he would probably have encountered a much more serious resistance in his front, not to say that the whole country would certainly have been up in arms all round as well as behind him; and what that means we may see from what has actually taken place in the way of partial risings. And there was not wanting plenty of advice to induce a less enterprising general to delay. The transport was more defective than it was ever before known to be in India, and many of the critics were for giving up the idea of an advance by the Shuturgardan altogether, and moving by way of the Kyber. The Shuturgardan line, it was urged, cannot be maintained through the winter, and a force advancing by it will have afterwards to cut itself adrift for a time from any base, until it can establish communications anew along the line of the Kyber, during which time it will be in a very critical position. This objection is sufficiently answered by the fact that, if this advice had been followed, our forces would not have got to Cabul even now. The truth is that in Oriental warfare the ordinary maxims of strategy do not hold, because the opposing forces are not on equal terms. On the one side are numbers and on the other skill; or rather we may say that in Oriental warfare Napoleon's maxim—by acting on which so many of his greatest triumphs were won—as to the effect of moral force is especially true. Boldness in such cases is the truest caution; the risk is



less than it looks, because good troops will accomplish almost anything if they have confidence, and confidence is imparted only by taking a bold line. We have no business in India at all if we cannot run apparent risks; our successes are all to be traced to daring of this sort, and our disasters in almost all cases to an excess of prudence. There can be no doubt, then, of the wisdom of the line of action adopted in this case, still less of the admirable way in which the General, with his excellent brigadiers and troops, has accomplished the task. There has been a great deal of roughing it—for an officer's baggage of fifty-four pounds inclusive does not leave much room for even necessities—although nothing like what European armies have had to go through over and over again; but then Napoleon and many other great commanders have been prodigal of their troops to gain great ends, and the British soldier is such a scarce article that the British general cannot afford to waste him. Happily the climate of Afghanistan in the autumn is probably one of the finest and healthiest in the world, and, hardships and exposure notwithstanding, the troops are in excellent health.

War, therefore, on anything like a large scale may be regarded as at end, unless some new disturbing element comes into action, and operations have to be extended further west. But now is seen the peculiar and most disagreeable feature of the situation, with which our operations in South Africa come out in strong contrast. There the Zulus, so long as the war lasted, were as pitiless as they were brave; but once thoroughly defeated, and recognizing the fact, they gave up the game without any reservation, and British officers could ride immediately without escort over a country where before we could only move in strongly entrenched camps. Not so in Afghanistan. There the change from a state of war to one of peace is not recognized; a state of peace is indeed a thing which does not come within the cognizance of its inhabitants. They will not treat us worse than they treat each other; but the result is that no British officer and no British camp-follower is safe outside our own lines. Every one venturing beyond them carries his life in his hand, and we must expect to hear of murders and forays on any weak posts and convoys for some time to come. The sort of hostility to be expected is shown by the late attack on the escort with a mule party between the Shuturgardan and Karatiga—that is, within British territory. The party were proceeding through this gorge, along which officers and men were in the habit of passing alone every day, when they were joined by a party of Munguls and independent Ghilzais from the ridges above, who, mixing up with them, cut their throats and carried off the mules within a few hundred yards of one of our strong pickets. The firing on General Roberts when he rode up to the front, and when Dr. Townsend was wounded, is another case; the still more serious attacks on the Shuturgardan and Alikeyl after Roberts's force had passed on is the latest instance. Alikeyl, it will be remembered, has been occupied by a strong garrison ever since last autumn; but the garrison is no sooner reduced than the place is attacked. It is satisfactory to know that in both these attacks the offending tribes suffered heavily; but, accustomed as these people have been to strife and bloodshed from time immemorial, the mere getting the worst of it will not alone suffice to keep them quiet. Something may be done by disarmament; but this would be a slow process over so large a country, although it may be accomplished in parts and by degrees. But as for there being any room for anxiety, which appears to be felt in some quarters, lest a winter in Cabul should again be followed by another Cabul disaster, such a notion should be at once dispelled on a view of the facts. The slowness of the advance of the force coming by way of the Kyber is due not to any resistance it has met with, for it has not fired a shot, but entirely to deficiency of carriage. What small number of mules and camels survived from last year's campaign was all diverted for the use of the troops moving by the Shuturgardan, and thus there has been extreme difficulty in sending troops on by the Kybur even by detachments. But communication is now established between the force at Cabul and the advancing column; and, moreover, the force at Cabul has supplies enough to carry it through the winter, even if it could not keep up its communications with India; but of that there appears to be really no danger whatever. Between Jellalabad and Peshawur we kept open communication last winter without difficulty. This line of country lies comparatively low, and the winter is the best season for moving about in it. Between Jellalabad and Cabul, on the other hand, some very difficult country intervenes, comprising the notorious Khoord Cabul Pass; but Sale made his way through this with only a weak brigade against the utmost resistance of the Afghans. It will indeed be surprising if, with the large means at Roberts's disposal, this pass cannot be easily held during the winter.

For when people talk about past and present campaigns, they forget that there is not the smallest resemblance between the conditions of the two cases. It seems, indeed, almost hopeless to expect that the matter should be understood, when a man like Mr. Lowe makes such an astounding statement as that in his speech at Grantham on Monday—that there was not a single mistake committed in 1838 which has not been committed now. In 1838 our base was the Sutlej, four hundred miles off, and we had between our troops and that base a wide region occupied by two States; that of Sind avowedly hostile, and with difficulty restrained from attacking us in rear, and the Punjab, which a little more mismanagement would have made so also. In that case not a man of our army would ever have got back to India. The battles on the Sutlej showed what metal the Sikh army was made of, although until then it was held to be of little ac-

count; and we had no such force available in 1842 as that which three years later we collected to oppose them. Under the circumstances of the time, then, the invasion of Afghanistan was one of the rashest enterprises ever undertaken. The present advance no more resembles it than the French invasion of Prussia in 1806 resembles the attempted invasion of 1870. We had now merely to step across the frontier of a loyal province, and our communications with India are on quite a different footing. Further, the troops employed are now much more numerous. At the time of the Cabul outbreak in 1841 the garrison of Cabul itself included only one weak European battalion of infantry and a troop of European horse artillery—about seven hundred strong altogether. Sale's brigade had another European infantry regiment, and there was a third at Candahar—three altogether in the whole of Afghanistan; while General Roberts has with him already, in his force of over six thousand men, three European infantry battalions, part of a regiment of dragoons, and two batteries of European artillery; his command includes besides a complete brigade of most efficient native cavalry, and two of the finest native infantry regiments in the army. Another strong division—as divisions are counted in our army—is advancing through the Kyber, which is strongly supported by the garrison of Peshawur, while there are two European and several native regiments in the Kurrum Valley. Last time the nearest reserve was four hundred miles further off. The force at Candahar, even as now reduced, is practically twice as strong as that which under Nott held that place with perfect ease. Still greater is the difference between the commanders. Instead of an irresolute Envoy, ignorant of the people, to misdirect affairs and paralyse action, and a worn-out old general who hardly professed to command the troops of which he was nominally in charge, we have the youngest general officer in the army and a picked staff of brigadiers, men in the prime of life, who have all made their mark already. Such officers as Massy, Macpherson, and Baker—the Viceroy again generously denuding himself of his personal staff for the public service—with the cousins Gough, both like Massy and Macpherson winners of the Victoria Cross, are a guarantee that whatever has to be done will be well done. Troops so led may be trusted to do anything that it is possible for troops to do. Sir Donald Stuart, who commands at Candahar, is as distinguished for personal gallantry as for intelligence and aptitude for business, and is one of the best specimens of educated officers that the Indian army has produced. The notion, therefore, that there is any cause for anxiety in the military situation, or that we are repeating the errors of Lord Auckland's time, may be dismissed as monstrous. The force now in Afghanistan is equal to conquering and holding the whole country if necessary. The real practical military difficulty is how the relief of these troops shall be effected if the occupation is prolonged. So large a part of the army is beyond the frontier that there remains not enough to take its place. For the Madras army, for this purpose, may be regarded as non-existent.

But, if occupation is to continue, an obvious way of reducing the garrison is to be found in the improvement of the means of communication. Paradoxical as it may appear, roads are more easily made in mountainous than in plain countries; and, with proper roads made in Afghanistan, a large part of the difficulty which now surrounds the situation would disappear. The most trifling irrigation channel, if unbridged, will stop the progress of an army for hours. Let the reader think what any piece of country he knows would be without roads, and ask himself how people of any class, to say nothing of troops, would get about without them, and he will be able to appreciate the importance of this aspect of the question.

#### MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT 1213-1702.

A RECENTLY published Blue-Book, forming the first volume of as complete a collection as can be brought together of lists of the House of Commons, is a satisfactory evidence of the growing general appreciation of the value of antiquarian and historical research. It can subserve no political purpose in the interest of either party, and, as soon as it was proposed, both parties cheerfully agreed to it. It is impossible within the limits of a single article to exhaust the deductions which we could draw from so curious a record. We will therefore chiefly call attention to one aspect of it. The names, if they are worth anything, go to prove the persistence among our gentlefolk and middle classes of a certain number of families, which have come up again and again under all the different forms of election in all the changes and chances of so long a time, and are now as vigorous and as sturdy as they were six hundred years ago, and as they will be, in all human probability, six hundred years hence. This great self-existent "easy" class in England is a fact of considerable historical interest, a fact not to be overlooked either by antiquaries or by politicians. There is no such tribe, or caste, or class elsewhere. The English country gentleman—not necessarily noble, not rich, not clever, yet proud, respectable, doing his duty, whether as sheriff, or as M.P., or as county magistrate, with a sigh, grumbling at his hard fate, yet who would not change places with the king of any other country—not only exists now in England, but has existed, amid various vicissitudes of State, for six centuries, and possibly for twice that period. His counterpart is the equally persistent constituency which goes on from century to century, preferring, though with recurring fits of wilfulness, to repose its confidence in the representative of the old stock

rather than go afield for the new lights of some new order of things. His people came in with Hengist and Horsa, with Ella and Cissa, with Cerdic and Cynric, and where they sat down there they stayed, and there they are still. "J'y suis, j'y reste," was and is the motto which they share with Marshal MacMahon, but with the difference that they have kept their word for some three times as many centuries as he took years to run away from his. Here and there the names are changed; here and there the blood. But, like the celebrated knife, haft and blade may come or go, but the class, the folk, the position to be filled are the same. From it are recruited at once the orders socially above and below. The squire grows into an earl, or degenerates into a yeoman, only to rise again, and perhaps to go up higher. A few families retain the lands their fathers won from the Romanized Briton, a few those which came to them from the gift of William the Norman; but, in a majority of instances, lands have not been held in any one place by any one family for any great lengths of time, but have been transferred by marriage and barter from family to family; one going down in the world, and another going up, yet all, as it were, floating in the same temperate zone of the stream of time. In the House of Commons we have to-day men whose ancestors were in the House of Lords six centuries ago; and, on the other hand, we have men in the House of Lords, and even on the bench of dukes, whose forefathers were yeomen under Henry III. The burgesses have become squires; the squires have become burgesses. There has been a constant interchange between town and country—the town seeking to the country for position, the country seeking to the town for wealth. London drew its supply of Mayors and Aldermen from the younger sons of the same families that sent their elder sons to Parliament. The younger became squires in their turn, and the process was repeated by their descendants, and still goes on *ad caput*. People who complain that the accumulation of land in the hands of a few great landowners is a modern anomaly forget, or never learnt, the names of Earl Harold or the Earl of Warwick, of the Bohuns or Staffords, of the Wentworths or Villierses, of the Holleses or Harleys, who at various times and in various places accumulated great estates, and then, culminating, faded away into obscurity again. No entail is sufficient to preserve a family from decay. Sooner or later the wheel goes round. The middle-class man of to-day is the millionaire of to-morrow, the duke of the next generation. One great estate becomes disintegrated, and another is formed. But the great middle class remains—ridiculed, admired, trusted, despised—the most peculiarly English of all our ancient institutions.

The first complete list now printed is the return of the Parliament summoned to meet at Westminster on the 15th July, 1290, being the eighteenth year of King Edward I. We find names in it which are, or have lately been, in the lists of the reign of Queen Victoria. Guy Berkeley sits for Gloucestershire, Roger le Rous for Herefordshire, Robert Burdet for Leicestershire, Gilbert Neville for Lincolnshire, William Ormsby for Norfolk, Robert Corbet for Shropshire, Henry Hussey (Husee) for Sussex, William Strickland (Stirkeland) for Westmoreland. There are many other names in the list which might be identified with those of families still existing; but these are the most unquestionable. To this Parliament two or three knights were sent from each county, the boroughs being unrepresented. The names therefore were those only of country gentlemen—knights, for the most part, no doubt—but answering exactly in their condition to our modern squires. They met at Westminster. Previous Parliaments, though complete lists of the members have not come down to us, met at Oxford (1213), Lincoln (1226), and Windsor (1261), the first at Westminster having been held in 1254. The first assembly, however, which can be called a Parliament in the modern sense, that of 1264, was summoned to meet in London. This may possibly, as Mr. Green seems to interpret it, mean Westminster; but, on the whole, it would be safer to suppose that St. Paul's or the Tower was intended for the place of meeting, and that an alteration was afterwards made. It would be interesting to know the names of all who sat to deliberate with Earl Simon. The "writs were directed to the Sheriffs and to the cities of York and Lincoln and the other boroughs of England, to send two knights, citizens, or burgesses respectively, and also to the barons, &c., of the Cinque Ports to send four men." This, then, was the first complete Parliament, consisting of knights, citizens, and burgesses; to use the words of Mr. Green, "The writ issued by Earl Simon first summoned the merchant and the trader to sit beside the knight of the shire, the baron, and the bishop in the Parliament of the realm." In the Parliament of 1290, of which, as we have said, the list is extant, the burgess class was unrepresented; but the great assembly of 1295 was a return to the system followed by Montfort; and we have the names, not indeed, preserved in the Record Office, but in a transcript of the lost originals among the manuscripts of the Inner Temple. The borough returns are filled with names by no means such as we might have expected. Then, as now, the country squires seem to have condescended to sit for the county towns; and with certain remarkable exceptions, the names do not seem more plebeian than in the knightly House of five years before. Benedict Godson, as representative of Cambridge, sits in the seat occupied nearly four centuries later by Oliver Cromwell, and bears a name which looks like an anticipation of Praise God Barbone. John le Palfrenur sits for Ely, Durant le Cordwaner for Barnstaple, John le Taverner for Bristol, Henry le Chaunger for Gloucester, Richard le Teynturer for Huntingdon, another "Teinterer" and

a "Bocher" for Wigan, a "Carreuer" (carver) for Reigate, a "Scriptor," perhaps the original of our common name Clerk, for Wilton, and another, called in this place "Clericus," for Dudley. A very few appear to have no surname, in the ordinary sense, as "Ricardus Cives," member for Hedon, John "Cunpaynnon," member for Weobley, and "Stephanus Justice," for Portsmouth. Against the name of Benedict Godson may be placed that of Willielmus Godknav, who sits for Hereford. The two members for Pickering both bear the same name, Robert Turcock. Such are the most remarkable of the so-called plebeian names in the list. Reading is represented by Galfridus de Engleys and Elias de Baunbury; Elias FitzJohn and Hubert de Colchester represent Colchester; Gilbert de Reyner and William de Dovedale, Grimsby; Roger de Beauchamp and Thomas Pontoyse, Shoreham. Very often, too, we see an aristocratic name beside that of a trader in the borough returns. Thus, Liverpool sends up Adam FitzRichard and Robert Pinklow; Lancaster sends William FitzPaul and Adam Russel; Tickhill sends John Bote and Richard FitzRichard "de Estfeld"; York sends Nicholas de Selby and Roger Basy. Of the names which still occur in Parliamentary lists the return is full. The Spencers, Russells, Rouses, Burghs, Marriotts, Martins, Cliftons, Annesleys, Flemings, Corbets, Stauntons, Reads, Scotts, Hollands, Yorks, and many more among our middle-class gentry, are all represented. This is still more the case with the Parliament of 1298, in which we find among the members representatives of such families as those of Rous, Chetwood, Herbert, FitzHerbert, Brown (Magister Willielmus Broun de Derby), Mayne, Harden, Blount, Berkeley, Disney, Windsor, Grant, Boys, Bingham, Fleming, Eyton, Brent, Eastcourt, à Court, Wake, Burton, and Maunsell. Among the curiosities of this Parliament may be mentioned "Willielmus Filius Sacerdotis," who sits for Dunwich, Galfridus Cuckoo, who sits for Seaford, and "Johannes de la Trinite," who sits for Huntingdon.

The present instalment brings the lists down to 1702, occupying 607 pages. A mere glance shows something of interest in almost every page. The list of the first Parliament of Henry VIII. after the dissolution of the monasteries; the names of the members of the Long Parliament; the First Parliament of the Restoration; the Convention which deposed James II., and was declared a Parliament in 1690—all these and many more are full of value to the historian as well as to the antiquary. Well-known names occur everywhere. "Lord Richard Cromwell" sits for the University of Cambridge in 1656. Sir Wilfrid Lawson sits for Cumberland in 1660. William Lord Marquis of Hartington sits for Castle Rising in 1702. Middlesex, in 1703, is represented by Warwick Lake and Hugh Smithson. John Driden (*sic*) sits for Huntingdonshire, and the "Hon. Robert Harley, Esq., of Brampton," for the borough of New Radnor. In these lists, too, it is curious to trace the gradual transition from the time when service in Parliament was a disagreeable duty to be avoided, like the modern office of the High Sheriff, and elections were conducted like savage marriages by capture, down to the time when returns begin to be contested and the rulers of the land learn the rudiments of government by passing through the House of Commons.

#### FAILURE.

THE sensation of failure is perhaps the first of uncomfortable psychological experiences that reaches its full perfection and the last which time deprives of its bitterness. We remember among the earliest recollections of childhood the sense of a sudden fall, a kind of vacuum somewhere, a discomfiting surprise which attends want of success. If laughter springs from a sudden sense of superiority, the sudden sense of inferiority and defeat is too deep for tears. There is no feeling so disagreeable, except perhaps the first indications that one is not proof against seasickness; and even these to some extent lack the element of shame which completes the misery of failure. Sympathy and pity only add to the bitterness of failure, except, it may be, when one young lady sympathizes with a wooer who has not understood how to please another young lady. In such instances pity is apt to be "transmuted into love," as the scientific novelists say, for there is much scientific virtue in the term "transmuted." Almost all other failures must be left to time to console, and even he does not rob them of their sting.

The failures of our early years have this peculiarity, that they only affect ourselves, and do not make other people particularly ridiculous or uncomfortable. If one fails to learn to sing, or to play the French horn, the sense of discomfiture is tremendous, but the hearts of others secretly rejoice. It is different when a girl who has been a pretty child fails signally to be a beauty. This is a trial of which men cannot appreciate the bitterness. The poor little victim's mirror cannot but tell her the awful truth that her features, lately so clear-cut, are growing out of all proportions, while her face is broadening in the wrong places. Anxious mothers and aunts disguise their dismay, and talk confidently about "the plain age" which all girls must pass through. But "the plain age" begins to last as persistently as the iron age in which the world has lived since the time of Hesiod. The failure proves to be permanent, and it is really what is called a happy deliverance when the certainty of want of success in this particular line becomes matter of deliberate conviction. Men, as they grow up, have no knowledge of failure so poignant. A clever boy of eight, a brilliant imaginative little



fellow, often declines into the honest dunce of twelve or fourteen. But then the changeling is unconscious of the metamorphosis. He does not feel that curious intellectual keenness which little boys often possess and lose, going out of him. He is satisfied to be no cleverer than his neighbours; indeed he looks on his clever companions with that suspicion and dread, mixed with contempt, which most of us retain through life. Even his mother is not much afflicted by the eclipse of his childish brilliance. It is much more important to a girl to be pretty than to a boy to be clever. Indeed cleverness rather handicaps a man in life; it makes people distrust him and dread him, and it is generally accompanied by more or less morbid symptoms. It is a blessed thing not to "vary from the kindly race of men" in any respect.

Dull or clever, from boyhood the experience of failure dogs us. The most bitter moments of a prosperous life may have been passed in solitude, or in the company of a gilly by the river-side. Just in the right swirl of the pool, just where the hazel-boughs hung over the black water, a heavy splash tells you that the monarch of the brook has risen to your fly. The line tightens, the rod bends; you think you have him. Then the flies spring back in your face; you have the vision of a broad tail disappearing with alacrity, and you know that day what failure is—the taste of it, and the sinking of the heart. There are no lookers-on, or only one sympathetic observer, and the south wind carries off a few exclamations which afford a profane relief. There are sportive failures much more hard to bear. When the best bat of a school or University Eleven goes to the wicket, just in the best place, just when a stand is needed, his bearing as he marches out from the pavilion shows a certain confidence. He knows he is in capital practice; he has made a study of the tactics of the slow bowler on the other side; he looks all round the field, receives his first ball, and gives a chance which is hardly a chance at all, but is miraculously accepted by third man. That is a cup of the most intense bitterness that the human spirit has to drink; but even that is less awful than the remorse, the despair, which overwhelm him who has missed an easy catch at a critical point of the game. The eyes of thousands are on the malefactor, the "yabs" of a disappointed multitude ring in his ears, the earth seems to spin beneath his feet, and he is only sorry that it will not open and swallow him, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. It may be debated whether this early discomfiture is more or less bitter than that which attends the collapse of an anecdote at dinner or of a public speech. The former failure is the more grievous of the two, and the faint conventional laugh of the puzzled, the blankness of their visages when a jest misses fire, are things that do not bear reflection. The entire collapse of a speaker in the House of Commons is probably more easy to endure. When Mr. Robert Lowe lost his notes a short time ago, and abruptly "shut up" in the midst of a debate, he probably knew none of the feelings of the "stickit minister." What *his* may be few, indeed, can imagine. From the height of his sacred office, and from his place in the pulpit, with "the word" in his mouth, he drops, poor fellow, to something much lower than the beadle. The hopes of a lifetime, the labours of many years, turn to dust in a moment, and that in the most public place, in the most grotesque way, and before the most severely stolid audience. If suicide is ever pardonable, it must be in cases like that of Dominie Sampson. But the experienced debater who suddenly collapses probably feels as another man may do who misses an easy stroke at tennis, or who, in some lapse of memory, revokes at whist. That is to say, he is in what is sometimes called a "towering temper." It is rage, not confusion of face, which possesses him, and he is just in the humour of the unsuccessful gamester who kicked a man down the stairs of Crockford's "because he was always tying his shoe."

One of the worst sorts of failure, for the moment, is the failure to win some academic distinction. A man who intended to be Senior Wrangler, and who finds himself eighth in the list; a man who aims at a first-class, and gets a third, knows what failure means. His friends, too, suffer terribly. Some affect to ignore the event, and meet the victim with an over-acted semblance of knowing nothing about the matter. Others put on a maddening air of tender depression. A few "bluff it out," as the Americans say, and vow that examiners are all fools; that failure is of no importance; that the best men never succeed in the schools. All this is true enough with qualifications; but no amount of truth or of philosophy can lighten the physical depression which follows failure. It is a short-lived feeling; but none goes deeper while it lasts, or is more distinct in its symptoms.

Of all important forms of failure, commercial failure would seem to be the easiest to bear. It is so common in business circles that perhaps no one minds it much. In any case, it brings with it such a number of cares and duties and things which require active exertion that men, we may hope, have little time to feel its full misery. Besides, it has, as a rule, been foreseen so long that its pain is discounted and the actual crash is rather a relief than otherwise. The eminent Mr. Collie bore a lighter heart, we may imagine, when he sailed for a sunny Southern shore than he had carried for many a year. There is no more need for scheming, and smiling, and keeping up appearances. The game is over, the worst has come, and the worst has its mitigations.

The failures of artists, when artists know that they have failed, bring the sharpest anguish in proportion to the delicacy of feeling which makes the painter or the poet what he is. But nature, when she made artists so sensitive, padded their consciousness well with vanity. If a picture is rejected by the Academy,

D'Urbino Scroggs suffers less than we suppose. He is convinced that a confounded clique of conventional humbugs have sent back his immortal masterpiece. An artist may succeed and yet be haunted with the sense of failure all his life, because his ideal escapes him; or he may fail regularly, thoroughly, and continuously, and may be perfectly content with himself. He may feel sure that he is the victim of jealousy and envy, and the more disqualified a man is for success the more likely is he to hug this comfortable delusion. The novelist, as a rule, never knows that he has failed. He may have been the favourite of the critics for years, and then he may produce one, or two, or three, weak, careless, over-confident romances. He may use up his old characters, bring on his seedy old scene-paintings once more, and pad three volumes with dull dialogue or tedious description. Then he may be told as much, in language of the most careful tenderness; but he does not see it. He does not know that he has failed, and he is always certain that his last book is his best. Even the extreme shyness of his acquaintances, who obviously steer wide of literary conversation, cannot open his eyes. And thus there are branches of art in which a man's failure is felt most bitterly by his friends. A playwright is confronted with very rapid evidence of failure. It is not easy to mistake the meaning of hisses, mock applause, and empty seats. Yet we have known unsuccessful playwrights gravely demonstrate that they were completely successful; so that, in their case, we may charitably hope that failure has lost its sting. But the majority of people who are not artists know only too well, and by intuition, when the arrow which they have aimed has missed its mark. Other disappointments perhaps become less grievous after long experience in unfulfilled hopes and desires. But the sense of shame, and humiliation, and loss which follows personal failure is one which age and experience of the world can never mitigate, and men and women feel it almost as acutely and plainly as children.

#### A FRENCH GUIDE TO GOOD MANNERS.

THE English people enjoy one great advantage that is almost entirely denied to other and less fortunate races. There is probably no nation in the world which is so constantly and so kindly reminded of its frailties. Even our worst vices have the merit of encouraging the attentive and sympathetic study of foreign critics; and if we do not accept their friendly counsel, the responsibility rests altogether with ourselves, and the explanation of our many shortcomings must be traced to an inherent incapacity to take advantage of the proffered gifts of an advancing civilization. It is just possible that we are by nature incurably barbarous, and that not even the sweet and tender chidings of a teacher like Mr. Matthew Arnold can suffice to wean us from our unenlightened views of life. This social Orpheus was often doomed to pipe to a deaf and soulless crew, and just at the moment when the nation seemed willing to yield itself to his tuneful guidance, the force of his own authority has been rudely shaken by foreign attack. A learned German has flouted Mr. Arnold, and the obedient followers of the master know not where to turn in their bewilderment. All that is left us in this moment of trial is the diligent pursuit of the minor graces of daily life. To the members of our own aristocracy who have from time to time condescended to codify the unwritten laws of good society we must therefore be duly thankful. Failing the higher virtues of "sweetness and light," it is something to be able to cherish undisturbed the assurance that peas are not to be eaten with a knife, and that there are unalterable rules for the government of a morning call. And yet even upon these less disputable aspects of human conduct a doubt will sometimes intrude itself as to whether the members of our aristocracy are trustworthy guides. In spite of his recent humiliation, it is impossible to forget that Mr. Arnold has bidden us look to France for all that pertains to the graces of social life. Nor upon this point has his redoubtable foe ventured a contrary opinion. Much as Dr. Hillebrand deprecates our present partiality for all things French, he has never suggested that we should go elsewhere either for the newest shapes in bonnets or the latest thing in manners. Within these modest limits it is still permissible to take the word of command from Paris; and quite recently the authority of the French capital has been vindicated by M. Sarcey's edict against the little caps worn by English ladies. It is much to be regretted that so eminent a critic should have been subjected to such a shock as M. Sarcey has been forced to endure, and the fact only proves how necessary it is that we should be constantly informed of the wishes and feelings of our foreign critics.

It is with the object of avoiding the possibility of such cruel mistakes in the future that we now draw attention to a little manual of etiquette which has just been issued from the French press. The *Almanach du Savoir-vivre* is a work within the reach of all. It is no doubt a familiar text-book in France, but its simple and comprehensive injunctions require to be made known in England; for, with the second series of French plays promised for next spring, even M. Sarcey himself may favour us with another visit, and if our sisters and mothers are not duly prepared, they will run the risk of annoying this poor gentleman again. In turning over the pages of the little volume before us we were naturally curious to discover if the vexed question of "little caps" was explicitly treated. We are bound in candour to confess that our search has been in vain; for,

although nearly every conceivable social combination is exhaustively discussed, there is absolutely no mention of the kind of head-gear to which M. Sarcey has taken exception. But this omission, although sufficiently grave, ought not to create a feeling of prejudice against the general character of the work. It only serves to illustrate the exceeding complexity and constant development of a difficult science, which is not to be mastered in its entirety even by the most diligent compiler. M. Sarcey's edict against "little caps" will doubtless be embodied in a future edition. In the meantime there is ample material for patient study awaiting the inexperienced of both sexes. Although nothing is said of ladies' caps, a whole chapter is devoted to the head-covering of the male. Nothing is more significant of good-breeding than the carriage of the hat. Its obvious use as a means of protection against wind and weather is the least and most elementary of its many functions. The real difficulty with the hat does not begin until it has been removed from the head. From that moment the hat-bearer must keep a careful watch over himself, lest he slip unawares into such little faults of manner as would at once betray his low and uncultivated associations. What "is the first sign of elegant distinction in the lover upon the stage"? To this question the author confidently answers that it is "the ease and grace with which he holds his hat." Evidently a hat is a terrible responsibility, and yet no loyal heart will ever consent to be divorced from his hat. During a morning call it should be rigorously kept in the hand, and the hostess who endeavours to relieve her guest of his burden is guilty of a breach of good manners. The gifted author of the *Almanach du Savoir-vivre* is, however, forced to admit that in this as in other matters modern society has somewhat degenerated. The hat is now neither worn nor borne with the elegance of former years. Here, as elsewhere, the evil influence of England has given the death-blow to "notre aimable politesse d'autrefois," and the wave of the hand is now too often substituted for the more decorous movement of the hat as a mode of friendly salute. Other instances of the encroachments of English barbarism are pitilessly exposed. No lady who respects the higher traditions of French society should take a gentleman's arm—such was the established law of manners; but, thanks to "ce vilain usage anglais," all this has been changed, and the apostle of the old régime can only have a sigh of regret over the consequent ruin of French politeness.

Some very delicate social problems arise out of the use of the umbrella, and these are submitted to searching analysis. The subject is one which should have peculiar significance for the inhabitants of a rainy climate where umbrellas are in constant demand, and where, therefore, it is of urgent importance that their social dangers should be clearly exposed. The author takes for the purposes of illustration the case of a sudden shower, and carefully distinguishes the kind and amount of assistance which human creatures may render one another in this trying situation. A gentleman, it seems, may take the liberty of offering the half of his umbrella to a lady who has none of her own; but if the lady is young, she will do well to refuse the offer. This, it must be said, is somewhat perplexing. No lady is bound to state her age, except to the collector of the census; and it is an awkward dilemma to be obliged suddenly to choose between the possible reproach of undue familiarity and the implied acknowledgment of a vanished youth. But even the lady of mature years who is permitted to accept this courtesy is to behave with the greatest circumspection. She must exchange no word with her companion so long as they are both under the umbrella; and, even when the moment of separation has arrived, the form of acknowledgment must be limited to a cold and distant expression of gratitude. We could have wished that more had been said concerning the chance encounter of friends in the street. The only remark vouchsafed upon this point is that the conversation should be very short, and conducted in a low voice; but what is most urgently wanted is a precise indication of an appropriate mode of escape. There ought to be two or three common forms of ending these embarrassing interviews, which each individual sufferer could apply to the particular needs of his own case. Some simple contrivance of this kind would surely tend to lessen the bitterness of life, and it ought to be within the power of a professor of etiquette to discover how such a desirable result could best be attained. Our author would probably be disposed to suggest the neglected formality of curtsying and bowing as a possible solution of the problem. The almost total decay of this old-world practice is viewed with the deepest concern; and here again it is England, with her rough, uncultivated ways, that has undermined the delicate fabric of society. The young of both sexes are conjured to rid themselves without delay of "cette disgracieuse coutume anglaise de serrer la main en guise de révérence." In the case of young ladies the habit of shaking hands proves, we are told, an imperfect sense of modesty, and we are gravely asked to reflect what will be thought of a girl who offers her hand "comme à un camarade." The stirring chapter in which this subject is treated concludes with an eloquent appeal to the women of France to raise again the standard of ancient French politeness, and to defend its imperishable laws.

A very interesting section of this highly instructive work is devoted to the consideration of visits in general, which are again subdivided into visits in the country and visits in town. After having received the hospitality of a dinner, there is the visit *de digestion*, which must be paid within a period of eight days. Then there are the series of visits which are to be made at the beginning of the New Year. These are regulated in point of time according to the different

degrees of relationship. New Year's eve is specially appropriated to grand-parents, and New Year's day to fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and elder brothers. Cousins must be disposed of within the first week of January, and the whole of the first fortnight is available for intimate friends. These, of course, are points which have special significance for the Frenchman born; but the general rules regulating the morning call are applicable to all the world. For, apart from the fact that you must cleave to your hat, there are several niceties of conduct which are to be studiously observed. No call is to last more than a quarter of an hour, and if another visitor arrive at the end of eight minutes, the occurrence is to be regarded as a favourable opportunity of escape. It is further enjoined that, if the hostess appears from any cause to be embarrassed, the visitor must beat a speedy retreat; and it is also remarked that, if the lady of the house is not on good terms with her husband, the less that is said about him the better. In making a stay at a country house, the visitor is not to look upon his excursion from the point of view of economy. On the contrary, he must take some graceful souvenir to his hostess, besides toys for the children, and he must also leave money with the servants on his departure. The author does not think it unnecessary to observe that the servants, although they have been handsomely fed, are not to be treated with any friendliness. In particular, the guest is to avoid listening to any stories concerning his host and hostess. The number of servants to be rewarded is rather formidable, including nearly every one but the gardener, who is specially excepted save in cases where he has prepared a basket of fruit or a bouquet of flowers. In a general way the guest is to conform to the customs of the house, and if he sees other persons fold their table napkins, he is bound to follow the general example. There are some remarks on the subject of dinner-parties which might with advantage be taken seriously by the greater number of persons in English society. The author deplores the habitual unpunctuality of the bidden guests, but can suggest no remedy for the disease. There are persons in the world who have no sense of social obligation. They either delay to answer invitations, or they send hesitating and conditional answers which to an anxious host and hostess are worse than none, or they fail to observe the hour appointed. For the sufferings of those who have to bear the results of this last form of carelessness the authors of the *Almanach du Savoir-vivre* can only suggest the general introduction of the Russian custom of handing round light refreshments to kill time. But it is to be feared that, if this custom were introduced into English society, dinners would never take place at all.

#### FOOTPATHS.

AMONG the changes which are gradually and silently passing over the social condition of the English people in our own day, is one which, upon general principles, will be observed with much unanimity of regret, while in particular cases it affords a marked illustration of the proverb that what is everybody's business is nobody's. The charm of a country ramble, when the hardly-earned holiday has given the pent-up dweller in the town a respite only too brief from his daily toil, was the theme of the poet long before the days of Sir John Lubbock, and is a reality still in quiet corners of England, even on the days when banks put up their shutters and London railways are mobbed. But the visitor in a country house, where he is not on terms of long and close intimacy with his host, will find it prudent to confine his philanthropic raptures on this subject to the scenery of some distant part of England, or at least to that of the next county, and to avoid any reference to lovely bits of waterside or woodland landscape which he may believe to be open to the public eye in the immediate neighbourhood. He may find his host becoming suddenly either chilly or *distracted* without any apparent cause, while a quick glance of appreciation, equally inexplicable, is exchanged across the table by a couple of bashful young clergymen. Any cottager in those parts could clear up his perplexity at once; but on the whole it might be safer not to put the question. The footpath, as it happens, has been "stopped," perhaps "by order of the magistrates," and perhaps without.

The conditions under which a public right of way exists in practical use differ materially from those under which such a right was held less than a century ago. The theory may remain unchanged, but its application is under totally distinct circumstances, since the definition of the "public" body to which the "right" belongs is only nominally identical with that which was acknowledged in former generations. The landowner who stops or who procures stoppage of the footpath on the ground that its use is so infrequent as to be no longer worth consideration has some reason on his side; while the pedestrian who complains of the abridgment of his right of free passage along a public way is entitled to a hearing for his view of the case, whether he has any *locus standi* before "the magistrates" or not, or any chance of occupying it if he had. The general question of footpaths is therefore worth dispassionate consideration; and, if it be still admitted that "the Second Book of Homilies doth contain a godly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for these times," we may at least shelter ourselves in the outset behind the defences of ecclesiastical authority. At the same time, we should not care to recommend to any impulsive curate in a game-preserving county the reading, when the appointed season comes round, of the Fourth Part of the Homily



for Rogation Week; because, whether "understanded of the people" or not, it might, perhaps, be scarcely "understanded" of the Squire.

The paths and ways in defence and maintenance of which the vehement rhetoric of the Elizabethan divine was called forth were those which, as distinct from the great highways of the kingdom, led the villagers to church and to market; the latter class being those now known as "bridle" and "team" roads, the former corresponding to the modern footpath. District surveyors in our day are taking sufficient care of the market roads, and leave little to complain of, except the rates; but ancient rights of bridle and cart way survive here and there in the heavy clays, whose condition is witness enough how, when these were the only roads available, it was "a good deed of mercy to amend the dangerous and noisome ways, whereby thy poor neighbour, sitting on his silly weak beast, foundereth not in the deep thereof, and so the market the worse served, for discouraging of poor victuallers to resort thither for the same cause." But it is in the case of the church-paths, or "bier-balks," that the sixteenth-century parallel to the modern landowner's antipathy to footpaths is found; and here the homilist gives full scope to his democratic indignation. "It is lamentable to see," "it is a shame to behold," "how greedy" and "covetous men" will either have none at all of these ancient paths, or as little as they can possibly help; they "pinch at such bier-balks," and "either quite ear them up, and turn the dead body to be borne farther about in the high streets, or else, if they leave any such meer, it is too strait for two to walk on." Nor did these "greedy" folk care more "for the commodious walk of their neighbour" living than for the commodious carrying of his corpse when he was dead; and "the better shack in harvest time" was held in no more account "to the comfort of their poor neighbour's cattle" than the private convenience of the neighbour taking his walks abroad for his personal affairs or recreation. It is observable that the land of the parishes is described as unenclosed. "Doles and marks" appear in place of fences; and "they do wickedly which do turn up the ancient terries (sic) of the fields that old men beforetimes with great pains did tread out," and thus "the lord's records, which be the tenant's evidences," are "perverted," with grievous wrongs as the result. The cultivated ground would thus appear to have resembled on a large scale a modern allotment field, and the Elizabethan practice in this respect is still continued, as a recent writer in the *Times* has shown, in the Isle of Axholme. Outside the villages and their farms, and over a very large extent of the country, lay the waste and common lands, the heaths, moors, and leasowes, over which men rode or walked at their pleasure in any direction convenient to them. Thus the church-paths of one parish became linked with those of the adjoining ones, and as the area of locomotion was smaller the shorter radii of communication were necessarily more frequented. It is almost a commonplace to make a statement of which the truth is so obvious; but it is still useful as an explanation of the change by which the ancient rights of footway have in later years been less maintained by public user than in times past. The discontinuance of village wakes and feasts; the dying-out of customs such as the observance of "Mothering Sunday"; and, chief of all, the ubiquity of the rural postman with his well-filled bag, bear witness that the streams of country wayfarers and holiday-makers no longer flow along the old footpaths from village to village, but are found setting in the direction of the nearest railway station. Throughout a great portion of England, and especially in the Midland Counties, where no stretches of low-lying marsh are crossed by broad sluggish waterways, it was commonly said but a few years since that a pedestrian, with the help only of his watch and his shadow, could make his way in an almost undeviating straight line by footpaths to any distant village in whatever direction he might choose, without knowing or asking his way: and we have ourselves frequently put this saying to the test of practical experience. At the present time the footpath which does not lead to a station runs the risk of being almost disused.

Yet, although the ancient right may be claimed but at infrequent intervals, it is not the less valuable to the few than it may formerly have been to the many; and among the scattered populations of hilly districts the closing of an old footpath may be as grave a personal wrong and loss as the Homilist has pictured it. A right of way through a wood, a crossing of a brook in a long-accustomed place, may mean the saving of miles of ground and hours of time in emergencies such as the familiar "sending for the doctor." It is very possible that "the memory of man" may easily extend to a time when no plank and rail existed to mark where the brook might be crossed. What does that matter? Our great-grandfathers thought it effeminate to carry umbrellas; and it never occurred to them, at least in the country, to be afraid of wet feet. Within much more recent memory, if a road or a path came to a shallow brook it went through the brook, not over it; and it was no uncommon thing to find the brook and the road sharing the same course for a while, with a series of stepping-stones irregularly laid down as feminine luxuries, but scarcely desirable if you were driving in the dark. Later civilization has introduced bridges in place of fords, and it is questionable whether an ancient right of footpath does not now involve the maintenance by waywardens of the modern requisite of a foot-bridge. In the neighbourhood of a town or large village there is no fear of inconvenience from the stoppage of ancient ways, and an opposite inconvenience may often result from the application of the geometrical law as to two sides of a triangle being greater

than the third. A diagonal, neglected by oversight till a custom has popularly been assumed, may give some trouble to the owner of a desirable area of building land.

It would be affectation to pretend ignorance of the dissatisfaction with which in many parts of England the existing machinery for the legal closing of footpaths, and its practical working, are alike viewed. "This footpath is closed by order of the magistrates," is no doubt a conclusion recognized by the law; but it is just as certain that it will often provoke the inquiry, "Who are the magistrates that closed the footpath, and what was their motive for doing so?" And, rightly or wrongly, it is more than probable that the two branches of this question will be popularly answered by the two monosyllables, "squires" and "game." We write the words with awe; and as we write the warning Chorus in the *Edipus Coloneus* rises in our view, and we appeal to our pen, while we hasten from the forbidden ground, as the old King to his daughter:—

ἄγε νῦν σὺ με, παῖ,  
 ἐν εὐσεβίας ἐπιβαίνοντες  
 τὸ μὲν εἰποῦμεν, τὸ δ' ἀκούσασθαι,  
 καὶ μὴ χρεῖα πολέμοιο.

Having at length reached that place of safety and free speech, we would merely and modestly submit, as a not altogether extravagant hypothesis, that the Courts of Quarter Sessions may at times, yielding to the amiable infirmities of human nature, be guided ever so slightly by the united influences of pheasants and neighbourly feeling, excellent things as we acknowledge both to be. We are ready to admit that the wayfarer found at night in a lonely and overgrown footpath leading through the coppice may possibly not be hurrying to the arms of a long-lost grandmother, and that to the man who met him his embrace, or the familiar tap on the head which stands in its place, will bring neither sweetness nor light. It may also be assumed that, if the contents of his pockets should suggest

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed,

there may prove to have been some unaccountable mistake in his ornithology. We are no less ready to allow that the ordinary excursionist is not necessarily an enthusiastic admirer of English scenery, and that his hand-bag may contain a case of water-colours less frequently than one of gin; but, after making all these admissions, there remains abundant room for the plea of lovers of nature and art alike in behalf of the ancient rights of footway. Changes in custom, and abridgments of personal freedom in action, may be inevitable under the conditions of a largely multiplied population. The boys of the last generation, and still more those of their fathers' day, may have taken part in amusements as matter of course on the fifth of November or at other times, which would very properly bring their successors before Petty Sessions for trespass or wilful damage; but an increased population has its claims for consideration, as well as its duties of self-control. And among these not the least important is its claim to the enjoyment of scenery, and to the liberty of escape on occasion from pavement, macadam, and dust, to stiles, grass, and woodland. These ancient rights of way are just as much "landmarks which our fathers have set," as are the "doles, and marks, and stones," which, before the days of scientific surveying, preserved "the lord's records" of the limits of a great estate. At the same time it is but fair not to shut our eyes to another side of the question, nor refuse to recognize the inconvenience, and even the injury, which the rowdiness of modern civilization often inflicts on the landowner. It is not pleasant to him to find the names of John Smith and Molly Jones cut on the bark of his finest trees, and he may reasonably demur to the playfulness which consists in cutting the heads off his most flourishing Wellingtonias. A squire who once diverted a footpath in order to restore an ancient pleasure-ground had something to say for himself in adverting to the fact that the public had used their liberty by stealing his wild snowdrops to sell them to the Americans. The matter is eminently one in which there is room on both sides for just and kindly consideration of the rights and the feelings of others.

#### EDINBURGH CATHEDRALS.

THE development of cathedrals—not as a matter of art, sentiment, or archaeology, but as a very practical element of the social order on its religious side—is in various ways asserting itself with increasing emphasis. A Royal Commission has been appointed to consult with the existing Chapters on the improvement of their organization and resources. The six new sees established by the recent statutes involve six more cathedrals. Of these the restoration of St. Albans Abbey as a national work, as well as the formation of its Chapter, are in progress, the building operations being on an enormous scale and far advanced. Southwell Minster is being prepared for its new dignity. Liverpool has so easily found the means for its Bishop that it is actually talking of cathedral and canons. At Truro the energy of Bishop Benson has already procured an Act of Parliament providing for the legal creation of a Chapter, and has obtained from Mr. Pearson very stately designs for a cathedral ranging in size with such existing cathedrals of the second order as Hereford, Southwell, Bristol, or Chester, and carried out in a very bold type of Early Pointed; while the contributions already promised to the undertaking

amply justify its active commencement. In Ireland, too, following as it did upon the noble new cathedral at Cork, the admirable restoration, at the cost of a single benefactor, Mr. Roe, of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, was celebrated with national appropriateness by a promiscuous row.

All things, however, being taken into account, almost the most remarkable incident of the cathedral movement is the creation of that cathedral in Edinburgh which was last week consecrated with an imposing affluence of clergy and bishops, not only from Scotland, but from England and Ireland also. It was not merely that the Episcopal community in that city has indulged itself with an institution which, if rightly understood, is the complement of its own *raison d'être*. This would be right and laudable conduct on its part. The phenomenon to which we desire to call attention is the goodwill with which the entire community of that still Presbyterian capital, headed by its Presbyterian Lord Provost, made itself accomplice of the proceeding. Time certainly hath its revenges; and we imagine that Jenny Geddes's friends, or the elders and ministers of the Presbyterian Kirk finally established in 1689, or the abettors of those persecuting legislators of the last century who strove to punish Episcopalians for their attachment to the old dynasty by stamping out their very existence as a religious body, would have been prodigiously astonished at the sight of the lofty spire of a spacious minster towering over the streets of their godly town, with a constitution and possessions enabling it not only to exist, but to make its work and influence felt. Yet Edinburgh is proud and pleased at this its new feature. The origin of St. Mary's Cathedral in Edinburgh is curious. An old maiden lady, the survivor of two sisters, Miss Mary Walker by name, went on living in a quaint old manor-house of the antique Scottish type, which continued standing in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh until the town overlapped its close, as London has done to the Pavilion in Hans Place. She was rich and frugal, and as her land became increasingly available for building, the world presumed that her representatives would in all probability become still more wealthy, while nobody knew to whom or for what object she destined her possessions to descend. At last she died, some eight or nine years ago, and her will was opened, and then, to the universal amazement of Edinburgh, it was announced that Miss Walker's accumulated money, her house and land, with its improvable value, were all to be conveyed to trustees for the construction and maintenance of a Cathedral of St. Mary. There was a strong Presbyterian element, we believe, in the appointed trustees; but they were men of honour and business, and religiously fulfilled the obligation imposed upon them. The grounds surrounding Miss Walker's residence provided the site, while the larger portion of the estate, with its increasing value as building land in a very favourite new quarter of the town, came in by way of endowment. After a limited competition of six architects, of whom Sir Gilbert Scott, Mr. Street, Mr. Burges, and Mr. Ross contributed most able designs, those of the first-named were preferred, and the building has been gradually completed, only interrupted as it was by the not unusual incident of the ground proving bad for foundations, and the cost being proportionately increased.

More interested as we are in the cathedral as a social and, so to speak, political phenomenon than as an architectural achievement, we need only observe that the church which the Northern capital has so cordially welcomed among its public monuments is a carefully planned minster designed in Early Pointed of a purely English type, and able to rank with cathedrals of the second order south of the Tweed such as those which we named in connexion with the new one at Truro; and that while its central and loftiest spire is already built, it will, in emulation of Lichfield, be further adorned by two others capping the western towers. Sir Gilbert Scott is known to have said that he considered this cathedral to be his best work.

Imitation, we have been told, is the truest flattery, and if it is so, Edinburgh has indeed flattered St. Mary's Cathedral. The principal church of that town before the Reformation was the large collegiate church of St. Giles, a building, in its present form, mainly of the fifteenth century. One of the incidents of Charles I.'s unlucky attempt to re-establish Episcopacy in Scotland was the creation of a see of Edinburgh, which had hitherto stood in the diocese of St. Andrew's, involving the elevation of St. Giles's Church to the dignity of its cathedral. Indeed the world-famous achievement of Jenny Geddes in throwing the stool at the clergyman's head took place within its walls on the special occasion of the new Dean of the newly-constituted cathedral first attempting to read the new Prayer-Book put out for the Scottish Church in 1637. Since then there have been no surprises nor Prayer-Books known at St. Giles's, for Charles II.'s restoration of episcopacy did not include either; but, for all that the citizens of Edinburgh have been tenaciously jealous to maintain it in its style of cathedral thus inauspiciously bestowed upon it. It was certainly a large and handsome town church, and well deserved its augmentation of rank. The "crown imperial" spire which caps its central tower, and was constructed during the Gothic revival of the seventeenth century, is a noted example for architectural writers. Hacked about, stripped naked, cut up, walled up, pewed up, and galleried by its new owners, the building had to submit to some ignorant refittings, mis-called restoration, in 1830. Still it was St. Giles's Cathedral, the cathedral of Edinburgh. The opposition of St. Mary's Cathedral, in all its novel pomp of ecclesiastical array, was a sore blow to St. Giles's in its dowdy widowhood; so its friends

—notably and principally Mr. Chambers—took the one wise and generous course. They resolved upon restoring it according to the architectural lights of the present day.

In order to give effect to Mr. Chambers's munificence, an Act of Parliament was found necessary, and so the Lord Advocate brought in during last Session a "St. Giles Cathedral Church, Edinburgh, Bill," promoted by the Corporation of the city. That enlightened and popular statesman Sir George Campbell took notice of this proceeding—what can escape his eagle ken?—and his Presbyterian soul was sorely vexed at the Established Church of Scotland profanely recognizing cathedrals; so he put down an opposition to the Bill, solely on account of the phrasology, which, if persisted in, might have wrecked it and frustrated Mr. Chambers's generous intention. To save his gift the Government was obliged to submit to a compromise and substitute in the Bill "ancient" for "Cathedral Church," a concession announced by the Lord Advocate in words of studied contempt for Sir George Campbell's absurdity, which were heartily cheered by the House. We should suggest to Sir George that he might as a thankoffering for this success contribute to the adornment of what he alone refuses to designate a cathedral by the gift of a memorial window in honour of Jenny Geddes. Mr. Morris might produce a *chef-d'œuvre* in an effigy, not too conventionalized nor very mediæval, of the virago brandishing her stool.

Mr. Richard and Mr. Mackenzie may point to St. Mary's Cathedral as evidence of what a disestablished community can effect. The answer to them is very simple—that while history and experience alike indicate that the majority of Scotchmen made a mistake when, in reforming their religious system, they abjured the help which the organization and forms established in England afford to national Christianity, the Episcopal system which still flourishes among them owes no little of its material prosperity to its identification with the great Anglican Church of the Southern country. Certainly the advocate of disendowment could hardly point to the results of Miss Walker's magnificent bequest—possible as her scheme was in all its details, through the non-existence for Scotland of the law of mortmain—as an example of the benefits of his crotchet.

#### RETURNED WITH THANKS.

MANY people of literary tastes have had cause to wish that the printed books which they lend to their friends were returned as speedily and as surely as their own books in manuscript when offered to publishers. If they oblige an acquaintance with the loan of a fifth-rate novel, the chances are that they never see it again; but if they send a learned and profound work of their own to a publisher, it is pretty certain to come back like steel to the loadstone. The few persons who have never written a book can hardly realize the feelings aroused by the unwelcome return on the author's hands of a work which had been intended to astonish the world. Judging from the books which it is our business to look over, we should imagine that no nonsense of any kind would be refused by publishers in these days, were we not assured by those who ought to know that the amount of rejected manuscript at the present time is greater than ever. Never having written a book ourselves, we cannot speak from personal experience of the woes or pleasures of authors, but we have had some opportunities of observing the symptoms and phases of the book-making mania in others.

In his heart, almost everybody thinks that he could write a book; and we are sure every woman does. Let no one persuade himself that he is an exception to the rule, or the hour of temptation may come upon him when least expected. We hesitate to describe the life of the man who has listened to the voice of the demon of book-writing. The inducements offered to him by the tempter are amusement, self-glorification, and lucre; and he is fool enough to believe that he will obtain all three. It is easy to take the first fatal step. The important fact that the novice is "writing something" is at first kept a profound secret; but, like other secrets, it is confided to friend after friend and acquaintance after acquaintance, until the thrilling news is widely spread. "How is your book getting on?" becomes a stock question with most of the intimates of the writer; and, before he has finished a quarter of it, he is perpetually asked whether his "book is published yet." He at once feels himself exalted to the proud position of a literary man. He is quite above the common herd, and, forgetting the universality of the accomplishment, he feels that he has a right to expect deference and respect, for is he not "writing a book"? His own convenience and that of all his belongings is made subservient to the all-important manufacture of his precious volumes. He carefully endeavours to discover the hours and conditions most suited to his literary faculties. He tries writing before breakfast, after breakfast, before dinner, and so on. He coaxes his muse with coffee, Apollinaris water, cigars, or medicine. We remember reading in a sensational novel of a character of the Guy Livingstone type who observed that he was possessed by a devil—which was true enough, in a sense—and that he fed it with brandy. Some young authors might feel disposed to re-echo the first part of this observation, and to add that, do what they might, they could find no food that would agree with their guest. As regards material appliances, all sorts of experiments are made. Many varieties of paper, pens, and ink-bottles are tested. The best of desks or writing-chairs will not always make the pen go quickly, and even "the



literary machine" has been known to fail to produce well-rounded periods. The novice is surprised to find what a bulk of manuscript is required to fill one moderate volume of print. He is even more astonished, if he is at all critical of his own work, at the persistence with which the same words and phrases recur on every page. Commas, colons, and semicolons are a snare to him, and he must be far above the average if spelling does not often prove a difficulty. Fortunately a dictionary on his writing-table may remove the last-named stumbling-block, and he will be happy if he resists the temptation to put a book of French or Latin quotations by the side of the crutch to his mother-tongue. He has of course shown his talent as an author by conceiving life-like characters worthy of Lytton, Thackeray, or Dickens; but, although he pipes to them, they will not dance. He has woven an intricate plot, comprising a murder, a divorce, a suicide, and a happy marriage; but he finds the greatest difficulty in making his imaginary puppets talk, and the labour of concocting their jokes and smart repartees is a pain and a weariness to him. He endeavours to persuade himself that he finds writing an amusement; but when he goes ink-stained from the fray to take a little luncheon he has his doubts whether the fun of the thing has not been overrated.

At any rate man cannot be happy without sympathy, and the would-be author calls in a friend or two to his assistance, who are invited as a special favour to read what is technically termed the "copy." At their suggestion he makes a few alterations in the plot, improves the principal characters, and makes various excisions and additions. The margins of the manuscript are scribbled over in a cramped handwriting, and pieces of paper are gummed on here and there, while sundry surgical operations are performed with a pair of scissors. Perhaps the writer is fortunate enough to know a real author—a man who has not only written a book, but lived to see it in print; and this authority is respectfully requested to read as much of the book as has been already finished, and give his candid and unbiassed opinion thereon. Unable to escape from this delicate and wearisome duty, the unhappy critic carries off the precious writings, when he probably finds them so utterly beneath criticism that he can do nothing but offer a few commonplace remarks, with his best wishes for the success of the aspirant. This is enough, and the novice already sees in imagination the substantial cheque of the publisher and the favourable criticisms of the reviewers. We pass over the untold trouble of writing out a fair copy of the entire work with corrections and alterations, the careful selection of a thoroughly respectable publisher, and the affectionate packing of the literary child which has been born and nurtured at the cost of so much labour and suffering. Its parent feels quite uneasy when it has been consigned to the dangers of the Post-office or the parcels delivery. A reply from the publisher is of course expected by return of post, and of course not received. Days and days elapse without tidings of the valuable packet, until the author begins to please himself with the fancy that the publisher is waiting to be able to send a few proof-sheets for correction, with his letter as to terms. One day a brown paper parcel arrives, having no apparent resemblance to the lovingly arranged package which had contained the precious book. Upon opening it, he has the gratification of finding his property restored to him, accompanied by a slip of paper on which are written the laconic words, "Returned with thanks." And that is all! The mock gratitude of the "with thanks" contains a sting which he thinks he might at least have been spared. The vile sentence is scribbled carelessly upon a scrap of paper torn from the fly-leaf of an old letter. This is in itself an insult. He had expected that if, at the very worst, his book should be refused, he would receive a long and interesting letter upon the subject from the publisher; but that this miserable scrap of three words should constitute the sole and only requital of his work of weeks and months is more than human nature can stand. It is no wonder, he thinks, that his book should not have been appreciated by a man who cannot even write decent English. "Returned with thanks." What is returned, to whom is it returned, and with whose thanks is it returned? In all the volumes which this offensive message accompanied there is not a single sentence so devoid of sense or defiant of grammar. The manuscript itself, when unpacked, has an air of having been in bad company. It is already musty and dusty, and has an unpleasant savour of the waste-paper basket. Altogether it looks as if it has lost its self-respect, and, much as it is beloved, somehow or other it is not welcomed back to its home with the warmth and affection that might have been anticipated. It is even possible that, if a cheerful fire is blazing within easy reach, the disappointed author may decide in the agony of the moment that cremation would form a classic and appropriate conclusion to the chequered career of his literary offspring.

Writers of books are not the only scribblers who receive slips of paper containing the consoling words "Returned with thanks." Would-be contributors to the public journals are also well acquainted with such missives. Indeed they may think themselves lucky if they get even so much politeness as this, for judicious editors mostly decline on principle to "return rejected communications." In any case, if the writer of a volunteered contribution neglects to send the requisite number of stamps with his article, in all probability he will never see it again either in print or manuscript. How many people have sent "a good thing" to *Punch*, and eagerly torn open the next issue of that popular periodical without finding the "good thing" recorded in its

columns or ever receiving the cheque which was so confidently expected.

We should certainly shrink from the responsibility of recommending perseverance to writers of rejected MSS.; but we cannot deny that unflinching perseverance sometimes succeeds at last. There is a literary legend that Lingard's History was refused by several publishers before it was printed, and there are plenty of similar well-authenticated stories. The history of *Jane Eyre* is a well-known case. As regards journalism, unsuccessful aspirants may console themselves with the reflection that there are but few regular writers of articles who never find a contribution refused. Woful, however, as the words "Returned with thanks" may appear to disappointed writers, they have even more melancholy associations for editors of public journals. When a man writes a book or an article which is rejected, he suffers a pang, but there is an end of it; on the other hand, the unfortunate editor is daily receiving packet after packet of useless and unsolicited manuscript until he is worried almost to distraction. Most people feel the reception of circulars and the postal advertisements of joint-stock companies to be something more than a minor nuisance; but, after all, such trash can be thrown into the waste-paper basket at a moment's glance, while the communications received by an editor must necessarily be subjected to a certain amount of scrutiny. The scribbling public might justly give an occasional thought of pity to the literary winnowing-machines known as editors, sub-editors, publishers, and publishers' readers. As to the non-writing, non-editing, and non-publishing community, we should imagine they must often regret that many of the books and articles which they read have been accepted, printed, and published, instead of having been "Returned with thanks."

#### CAMELOT.

THE Bishop of Bath and Wells, in opening the proceedings of the Archaeological Institute at Taunton, claimed for Somerset, among its other titles to archaeological repute, the glory of being "the centre of three cycles of poetical or historical drama peculiarly its own, and investing it with an especial lustre—the dramas of Arthur, of Alfred, and of Monmouth." On the first of these cycles—the Arthurian—conscious perhaps of the instability of his ground, he did not expatiate. Acknowledging the difficulty of "pinning down Arthur and clothing him and his companions in the sober vestments of historical reality," he passed with light step over the uncertain field of tradition; and, while he expressed his belief that "a living man of a stout heart and a gentle spirit" once existed beneath the mass of legend which had gathered about his name, whose image it was "pleasant to catch through the glittering haze of romance, and to connect with the hills and combs of the county" as that of "a prince who lived and fought for its independence against a foreign foe," he made no attempt to localize Arthur, or to identify the places whose names live with such undying fame in poetry and romance with any now actually existing. Glastonbury, of course, was an exception. No one, indeed, could open an archaeological session in the county of Somerset without reference to

The island-valley of Avilion,  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,

where the earliest and most famous of her champions sleeps in seeming death, ready to awake in her sorest need as the avenger of his country's wrongs, with the head of the faithless but repentant Guinevere, brought hither from her cell at Ambresbury, on the breast of her injured lord. A reference to Glastonbury, "Fidei cunabula nostræ"—the centre of the legend of "the Christian chivalry of Arthur and his knights"—was unavoidable. But the Bishop's localization ended here, leaving it to others to specify the places in Somerset connected by history or tradition with "the spotless King." To one of these we would desire to direct our readers' attention—namely, the hill-fort of "Camelot," now known by the more prosaic name of "Cadbury Camp." We are well aware that the claims of Cadbury to be identified with that

City of shadowy palaces,  
And stately, rich in emblem and the work  
Of ancient kings who did their days in stone;  
Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at Arthur's court,  
Knowing all arts, had touched,

is not unquestioned. It has a formidable western rival in the Cornish Camelford, which, from its proximity to Arthur's own castle of Tintagel, is better known and more generally recognized than the more obscure Somerset site. But a review of the evidence, both documentary and traditional, will, we think, show that the pretensions of Cadbury to the inheritance of the fabled glories of "many-towered Camelot" are too strong to be disregarded, and that, whatever may be urged by Cornishmen, ever loyal to the historic fame of their county, in behalf of Camelford, still more may be said in favour of the Somerset hill-fort.

But where and what is Cadbury? To the majority of our readers the name is probably unknown. Or, if it floats through the memory of archaeologists in some shadowy association with the earthworks of the Western counties, ten to one they misplace it. For our Cadbury is not the only Cadbury in Somerset. At least two other hill-camps bear the name. One is found crowning

the limestone hill above Yatton, and there is a still better known Cadbury on the ridge above Clevedon and Tickenham, just where the British trackway crossing the Avon between the now destroyed Burgh walls and Stokeleigh camp, and pursuing its way along the high ground overlooking the British Channel, joined the road from Portishead. Inferior as both these Cadburys are to that of which we are writing, and utterly devoid of the slightest Arthurian pretensions, the last-mentioned at least is so familiar as a favourite place for picnics from Clevedon that it is necessary to warn our readers not to confuse the two and mentally place Camelot where it is certain Camelot could never have stood. In point of fact, "Cadbury" can hardly be called an individual local name. Although philologists are not quite agreed as to its etymology—some making it equivalent to "Ceddaburh"—St. Chad's Camp (a Mercian dedication which, if established, would gladden the heart of Mr. Thomas Kerslake); others seeing in the first syllable the Celtic "coed" = wood, or "cndr"—the strong—there is little real doubt that Cadbury is a form of "Cath-burh"—the battle fort, an appellation which, since fighting was the *raison d'être* of its construction, any such fort might bear. Our Cadbury—the Cadbury which we seek to identify with the Arthurian Camelot—is situated far to the south of either of those already named. It lies in the very heart of the county of Somerset, about seven miles south-west of Wincanton, and ten miles south of Castle Cary. The hill whose flanks are scarped and scored with its colossal ramparts and fosses, and whose crest is occupied with its fortified area, is a detached spur from the range which, running north and south, forms the eastern boundary of the valley of the Yeo and is the source of many of its tributary streams. It stands completely isolated; cut off to the east from the chain of which it is a member by the long eastward-stretching valley of Whitcomb, and to the south and west defended by the low swampy ground watered by the Cary, the Camel, and the Brue, which in early times, where it was not an impassable morass, must have been an impenetrable jungle. No position could more completely have commanded the country round, or, with its vast ramparts and precipitous slopes, have formed a more secure stronghold in case of danger. From the absence of divisions in the internal area it is probable that this was its chief purpose; that it was a fortress pure and simple, not a fortified town; designed to form a camp of refuge for the noncombatants and the cattle, to which also the fighting men could retreat in case of necessity, not a place of ordinary habitation. Its strength must have been immense. With the exception of Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, we do not know where we should find so wonderful an example of the well-nigh impregnable fortresses of the early Celtic inhabitants. Indeed, when the ramparts and ditches were of their original depth and steepness, and their brows bristled with a stockade of sharp stakes, and were defended by desperate combatants, one does not well see how such an entrenchment could be stormed. The entrance, as with British hill-forts generally, is very skilfully formed on a curved line, so that an attacking force might be taken in flank, and is defended by no less than eight banks of earth separated by ditches, where a handful of men could effectually repel a large body of assailants. The road which now mounts the hill from the N.E. corner in a straight line has evidently been cut in modern times for convenience of access from the village.

But, with all its immense strength, it is evident that Cadbury belongs to a primeval age, and that those who reared it were men in the infancy of civilization. The ramparts are of the simplest kind, earth piled by hand, with a rough facing of lias stone, not strengthened, as in later and more artificial works, with a core of concrete. Discarding Leland's mythical silver horseshoe, and passing over the coins and other objects belonging to the later occupation by the Roman conquerors of our island, the broken pottery, querns, and other articles of domestic life turned up almost wherever the ground is opened are of the rudest character, bespeaking the dawn of the arts. Everything indicates that we must discard altogether the legendary glories with which poetry and romance have invested Camelot, and be content to regard, not indeed of necessity the Arthur of the wars between Briton and Englishman, but the nameless chieftain of this mysterious fastness, as little more than a leader of semi-barbarians, hardly more advanced in civilization than Cetewayo himself; and must bring down the "city of enchanters built by fairy wings" to the level of a New Zealand pah or a Zulu kraal. If there was an Arthur antagonist of the pagan hordes from over the sea, he lived some thirteen hundred years ago, and in his day we have little doubt that the genuine origin of these huge earthworks had perished from memory. But there they were for his shelter, and naturally his name clung to them rather than that of their unknown excavator. The "strange statued gate," where "Arthur's wars were rendered mystically," "on whose threshold stood the Lady of the Lake"; "Arthur's arras hall that Merlin built," with its "zones of sculpture" and golden "statue in the mould of Arthur"; and "the lists" through which "shot" the spotless King, must be acknowledged to exist only in the pages of the Laureate, and of the "daring fabulists" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries from whom he has derived the scenery of his idyls and the setting of their hero. And yet on such a spot, so beautiful in itself and its surroundings, and so full of romantic associations, it is not easy to dispel the halo which the painfulness of Mallory and the genius of Tennyson have raised, and accept the plain prosaic truths of Arthur's history. As we stand on the western verge of the ramparts and see the mighty Tor of Glastonbury looming through

the mists, and picture the whole intervening space an estuary of the sea, from whose shallow waters the two hills rose like islands, we can almost fancy we see the dusky barge sliding across the level lake, which is to convey Arthur to his last mysterious resting-place, and hear the wailing which told of the failure of the bright hopes that gilded the opening of his reign, till we almost listen for the whistling of Excalibur as it flies through the night air from the hand of Sir Bedivere, and half expect to see him straining his eyes as the hull which is bearing away his King grows less and less.

Although the name Camelot—or, as some earlier authorities write it, "Camalet"—has quite died out in the neighbourhood of Cadbury, the root-word "Camel" is of very frequent occurrence. The river Camel—probably derived from the Celtic *kam*=crooked—flows within sight of the hill, and not far off are the villages of Queen's Camel and West Camel; while the brook which washes its base has its source in Camel Hill. Our early topographers appear to have had no doubt of the identity of Cadbury and Camelot. Leland, in more than one place of his Collections, mentions it unhesitatingly. In one passage he makes it one of the seats of the Round Table, which he says Arthur kept in "divers places, especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet, in Somersetshire. This Camalet, sometime a famous toune or castel standith at the South End of the church of South Cadbury. The same," he continues, "is situate on a very Torre or hille wonderfully enstrengthened by nature, and by ditches or trenches with a balky walle of yerthe betwixt every one of them." In the *Assertio Arturii* he refers to the traditional belief of the people of the vicinity—"radicem Camaletici montis incolentes"—by whom "the name of Arthur, once the dweller in that stronghold, is vaunted, extolled, and sung of" as their own special glory. The old topographer rises into an unwonted vein of eloquence as he descants on the magnificence, strength, and loftiness of the site. "Dii boni," he exclaims, evidently fresh from a visit to the place, "quantum hic profundissimarum fossarum! Quot hic egestæ terræ valla! Quæ demum præcipitia!" To sum up all in a few words, he can regard it as nothing less than a miracle both of nature and art. Stowe cannot be regarded as an independent authority, for in his Chronicle he simply reproduces Leland's words. But his doing this is evidence for the permanence of the tradition. We have the authority of Collinson, the accurate historian of the county of Somerset, for Cadbury appearing in ancient records under the name of Camelot, which in one of its forms it also bears in several old maps. In the first edition of Saxton's Atlas, circa 1575, we find, under one of those little conical mounds which did duty for hills in the productions of our early cartographers, "ye casty (sic) of camellek." Stukeley was too fanciful to be worth much as an authority, if unsupported; but his unhesitating acceptance of the old name, and his remark that "the common people refer all stories to King Arthur," prove at least that one so fond of new and strange hypotheses saw no weak point in the chain of evidence which would warrant his bringing forward a theory of his own. To pass from prose to poetry, Drayton in his *Polyolbion* chants the fame of Cadbury under its legendary name:—

Like Camelot what place was ever yet renowned,  
Where as at Carlion he kept the Table Round?

Leaving documentary evidence, popular tradition adds all its weight to this identification. The connexion of Arthur and his knights with the vast hill under whose shadow they live is an undoubted article of faith among the older villagers, whose simplicity and want of culture are sufficient warrant for these tales being neither those "garden flowers growing wild," nor "the thistledown seedlings of learned theories," which Mr. Kerslake regards with well-founded suspicion, but traditions in the strictest sense—namely, tales handed down in unbroken chain from a distant age. If such traditions are worth anything, the identification of Cadbury with the Arthurian legend can hardly be gainsaid. The very air is full of Arthur. You can hardly speak to one of the older inhabitants without hearing of Arthur. That this gigantic eminence is hollow, and, with the site of the "palace" on its summit, is slowly but surely sinking, they doubt as little as their own existence. Within its cavernous recesses they will tell you is a vast vaulted hall where Arthur and his knights sit in awful state, wrapt in deepest slumber, waiting the appointed hour when they shall be summoned forth to appear once more as the champions of the right against might and oppression. On St. John's Eve the hill opens for a brief moment, and whoever seizes the instant and looks down with eye pure of sinful taint, may behold far below him the King and his warriors in solemn conclave. Twice a year, on Christmas and New Year's Eves, the chain of sleep is unlocked, and the hillside yawns to give them passage. On Christmas Eve the retinue, with Arthur at their head, may be seen going down to drink of a hallowed spring which wells forth from the roots of the hill near Sutton Montis Church, as of a fountain of life; while those who have been belated on the marshes on New Year's Eve will tell you how they have heard a ghostly horn and the clump of horsehoofs and the baying of hounds, and, straining their eyes through the dark, have been shivering conscious of the passage of Arthur and his huntsmen. A line drawn across the marshes towards Glastonbury, where the grass is greener and the corn ranker than elsewhere, marks the way they take, and is still known, as it was in Stukeley's time, as "King Arthur's Lane," or "King Arthur's Causeway." King Arthur's Well, a little crystal basin, its brim overgrown with delicate ferns and blue speedwell and herb-Robert, lurks beneath the second outwork of the



Castle, to the left of the modern ascent. Gates, some say of iron, some of gold, lie buried in the side of the hill. Those who have conducted recent excavations have overheard the workmen talking to one another of these mystic portals "carved with dragon boughs and elvish emblems," as Tennyson writes, and encouraging themselves in their labours by the hope of coming upon the hidden treasure. That the whole hill-top is believed to be haunted, the resort of fairies and other visitants from another world, and that the villagers are not very willing to cross it after dark, needs hardly to be stated. When, in a recent digging, a quern was discovered, it was at once identified with the fairy-mills with which the thievish elves were used to grind the corn which they had stolen from the fields below. Of course this enchanted precinct contains a wishing-well, which is still much resorted to either in sport or good faith, and into which crooked pins are thrown to secure the accomplishment of one's desires. This well is known as "Queen Anne's Well." The origin of this designation cannot be traced. All the West Country, so the people say, used to avow that Cadbury was enchanted ground. Aged men will still tell how in their early days when they led their beasts or drove their wains to Winchester, Salisbury, or other distant towns, as soon as it was known they came from Cadbury, folks would gather about them, and question them about King Arthur and the hill, and the fairies that made it their home, and how much it had sunk in their days. But this, like all other picturesque old-world beliefs, is fast dying out with the spread of the so-called education of a rational age, which laughs to scorn all the pleasing and innocent superstitions of bygone generations, while it is a slave to far uglier and more baneful superstitions of its own. The belief in King Arthur and the Round Table is certainly more wholesome than a belief in Mrs. Guppy and table-rapping. *Wo kein Gott ist viele Gespenster.*

#### THE THEATRES.

THE production by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum of *The Merchant of Venice* was eagerly expected and had a double source of certain attraction. The beauties of Miss Ellen Terry's Portia were already known; those of Mr. Irving's Shylock had to be discovered. The character of Shylock has given food for much discussion. It is well known that modern interpretations of the part have differed entirely from those given by the actors who, before the days of Macklin, treated the part from the point of view of the most grotesque comedy; and a good many people have told us how Shakspeare intended it to be treated. Mr. Hawkins, in the current number of the *Theatre* magazine, has argued very ingeniously and interestingly, from the fact that *The Merchant of Venice* appeared during the excitement caused by the iniquities of the Jew physician, Rodrigo Lopez, that the play was intended by its author as "a plea for toleration towards the Jews." The theory is well worked out and hangs well enough together, since it is admitted that, supposing this to have been Shakspeare's intention, his position as a manager, bound to please his public, hampered him in its execution. But we have always been of opinion that theorizing as to Shakspeare's intentions and the meanings of his characters, however interesting it may be as an exercise of ingenuity, has little practical import. It will hardly seem probable that Shakspeare was in the habit of sitting down with a set purpose to teach certain moral lessons by means of certain characters, to be rendered in certain definite ways; and yet one might infer from the work of commentators that this was the case. No manager or play-writer could believe that any part would ever be given in precisely the same way by any two actors, except so far as it might be done by servile imitation; and, indeed, to make this possible would involve a degradation of character to caricature. Such a broad rule as that Shylock ought not to be played as a low-comedy part, or that Lear ought not to be from beginning to end a drivelling idiot, may of course be laid down; but one has surely no more right to expect an actor to execute a part in the way imagined to be right by commentators than to demand that a painter should seize just this or that aspect of a great historical subject. The enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Irving's Shylock, even in those who find his rendering of the character differ from their view of it, goes, however, to prove that, as has been suggested, an elaborate analysis of Shakspeare's characters made from studying the text is valuable chiefly as a mental exercise.

Mr. Irving presents Shylock as a picturesque figure, with an air as of a man feeling the bitterness of oppression, and conscious of his own superiority in all but circumstance to the oppressor—a feeling which is finely indicated when, in talk with Antonio, he touches the Christian merchant, and, seeing the action resented, bows deprecatingly, with an affectation of deep humility. He dwells with concentrated bitterness on the expressions of hatred to Antonio in the speech beginning "How like a fawning publican he looks"; and here, in the implacable determination of "If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him," we have the prologue, as it were, to the intense revengefulness of the last scene. It may be noted that since the first night Mr. Irving's performance has gained in leading up consistently to its climax—as consistently, that is, as is possible in the case of a human creature worked on by mixed emotions which sometimes baffle scrutiny. The point which on the first night

seemed most striking to many people in the general scope of the actor's representation was that his Shylock was intended to be, before all things, dignified, and it was thought that his acting in the scene when he bewails the loss of his daughter and his ducats was at variance with the rest of the performance. It would perhaps be neither easy nor desirable to make Shylock altogether dignified at this point; but it is not the less true that Mr. Irving has improved the rendering of this scene, and, with it, the whole value of his representation.

To return, however, to Mr. Irving's first scene, we may note specially the bitterness of subdued scorn in the speech beginning "Signior Antonio, many a time and oft in the Rialto you have rated me," and the diabolical mockery of good humour with which he proposes the "merry bond." In the next scene in which the Jew appears we have again his hatred and desire for revenge marked strongly in the resolution to go forth to supper "in hate, to feed upon the prodigal Christian," and to part with Launcelot "to one that I would have him help to waste his borrowed purse"; and at the end of the act Mr. Irving has introduced a singularly fine touch of invention. Lorenzo has fled with his stolen bride and her stolen money, and a crowd of masquers has crossed the stage and disappeared over the picturesque bridge with laughter and music. Then Shylock is seen, lantern in hand, advancing, bent in thought; and, as he comes close to his robbed and deserted house, the curtain falls. The effect, however, would, to our thinking, be doubled if the curtain had not fallen for a moment and been raised again just before this appearance of Shylock—if the masquers had disappeared in sight of the audience, and the sounds of revelry had died away in the distance. It may be conjectured that the dropping of the curtain signifies the interval of time which might naturally elapse between the elopement and Shylock's return; but this is, we think, needless. Mr. Irving, in the scene already referred to of the third act, is now less vehement than might have been expected; the Jew's passion seems to have exhausted him, but is not for that the less intense in itself. He is overweighted with trouble, and the delivery of the words "no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding," is charged with the pathos of the heaviest grief, and it may be the importance given by the actor's feeling and art to this passage which makes one think that less than its due value is given to the following passage about Leah's ring.

It is, however, in the fourth act, as is fitting, that the actor's complete triumph is attained, and in this there seems to us no room for anything but admiration. From the moment of his entrance to that of his finding his revenge torn from him he is the very incarnation of deadly, resistless hatred. While he listens to the Duke's speech in mitigation he has the horrible stillness and fascination of the rattlesnake. When he answers, his speech is that of a man possessed of his purpose, coldly tenacious of his rights. His object has been gained, and the passion which has been concentrated on it will not deign to waste itself in supporting a position that is unassailable. His scorn of Gratiano's railings seems bitter from habit, and not because he is one whit moved by them. There is something appalling in his aspect when he stands waiting for the long desired moment with the knife in one hand and the scales in the other, and his pointing to the bond with the knife as he asks, "Is it so nominated in the bond?" is admirably conceived and executed. When the moment of defeat arrives it strikes him like lightning, but its effect, like that of his expected triumph, is so powerful that it cannot find expression in any accustomed use of gesture or attitude. He is still in his despair as in his victory; but it is the stillness of one suffering instead of threatening death. Where he before inspired terror, he cannot now but command respect for the very awfulness of his downfall. He leaves the court with a dignity that seems the true expression of his belief in his nation and himself. His mind is occupied with greater matters than the light jeers of Gratiano, and to these jeers he replies with three slow downward movements of the head, which are infinitely expressive of his acceptance of that which has befallen him and of his power to bear himself nobly under its weight. "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing," and what he says at this moment seems empty indeed when answered with this silent eloquence. Nothing could be finer than Mr. Irving's acting at this point, which is the climax of a scene the power and imagination of which can scarcely be rivalled.

The striking excellences of Miss Ellen Terry's Portia are, if anything, bettered by being transferred to a larger stage than that on which they were first presented to a London audience. Every changing phase of the part is rendered with the highest instinct and art, and every change seems natural and easy. The tenderness; the love so fine that it finds no check to open acknowledgment; the wit, the dignity; and in the last scene the desire to be merciful and to inspire mercy, giving way to a just and overwhelming wrath, and followed again by the natural playfulness of the lady who is not the less a great lady because she indulges it, are alike rendered with a skill that one must call perfect. As feats of acting the assumption to Nerissa of a bragging youth's manner, and the exit in the trial scene are specially remarkable; but it is needless to point out in detail the patent beauties of a performance with which we can find no fault.

The cast for the other characters might perhaps have been better devised. Mr. Forrester's Antonio is disappointingly monotonous and tedious, and Mr. Barnes, who has lately acted very well in a part of a different kind, fails to give grace or interest to

Bassanio. Mr. Tyars speaks the words set down for the Prince of Morocco with intelligence and discretion; Mr. Beaumont represents the Duke of Venice with remarkable dignity; and Mr. F. Cooper makes of Gratiano a more pleasant person than he is sometimes made on the stage. With regard to the mounting of the play, Mr. Irving says, in a note prefixed to his published version, "I have endeavoured to avoid hampering the natural action of the piece with any unnecessary embellishment; but have tried not to omit any accessory which might heighten the effects," and he has, it seems to us, carried out his intention with remarkable taste and judgment.

It would be far-fetched to criticize the production at Drury Lane of *Henry V.* from a seriously dramatic point of view. The performance might briefly be described as Mr. George Rignold and a panorama, and it may be admitted that the panorama is not bad of its kind. Why a Chorus which apologizes for the absence of "realistic effects," such as horses and battle scenes, should be retained when we are shown four horses, one stuffed and three alive, and a profusion of battle scenes on the stage, it is perhaps needless to inquire. Mr. Rignold himself has some qualifications for appearing as the leading figure in the show which he presents. He has great vigour, and in some speeches shows appreciation and power of execution. But he is entirely without the dignity which ought to belong to the part which he plays. Among the other characters, Mr. Ryder is conspicuous by his excellent performance of two small parts.

Many playgoers of different generations will have noted with regret the death of Mr. Backstone, whose place among actors was unique. He was known to fame both as a playwright and as the manager of the Haymarket Theatre during a long period, marked by well-deserved success; but it was as an actor, both at his own theatre and at others, that he made an ineffaceable mark. His humour was part of himself, and was indescribable; but he fitted it to his characters, and not his characters to it. His place can no more be exactly filled than can that of Charles Mathews.

## REVIEWS.

### SPEEDING'S ESSAYS.\*

IT is perhaps because he is best known by his great work on Bacon that Mr. Spedding informs the readers of his present collection that its contents are not connected with the principal labour of his life. Some of the essays were published many years ago, and relate to subjects which are scarcely known to the present generation; but Mr. Spedding rightly judges that they will be useful contributions to the history of questions which may possibly be reopened hereafter. "When I have had to study a subject myself I have always wished to know something of its history, and what was thought and written about it in its earlier stages." Five of the papers are devoted to matters of colonial policy which were once of great importance. The Wakefield theory of colonization has long been obsolete, and, indeed, it was never really tested by experiment; but forty years ago it commended itself to the judgment both of sanguine promoters of colonization and of alarmists who thought that emigration afforded the best means of relieving the supposed pressure of population on domestic resources. The theory, though it was simple, had a kind of scientific air. Mr. Wakefield proposed to sell all the land in a new settlement at a low fixed price, and to apply the proceeds to the encouragement and assistance of immigrants. In an article published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1839 Mr. Spedding raised objections, not so much to the theory as to a proposed application of the system to the colony of South Australia. A company had been formed to establish the settlement on the Wakefield principle; and the projectors were at the time engaged in a controversy with the Colonial Office. In a second article, published in 1841, Mr. Spedding was able to record the fulfilment of his unfavourable predictions. At a later period the discovery of the Yarra Yarra copper-mines compensated for the failure of the original scheme; and South Australia, though its progress has been slow, enjoys tolerable prosperity. The Crown has long since given over to the several colonies its claim to unoccupied lands, which are sold without any reference to the Wakefield theory. In some of the colonies the dominant democracy discourages immigration on the ground of its tendency to lower the rate of wages.

In early life Mr. Spedding was for a short time in the Colonial Office, and it is known that he afterwards, to the detriment of the public service, but with more than corresponding gain to literature, declined the highest permanent post in the department. His papers on negro emancipation and apprenticeship, and on the questions relating to the Jamaica Constitution, contain the results of accurate official knowledge, as well as of impartial judgment. The suspension or abolition of the representative Constitution after the disturbances of 1866 justified the policy of Lord Melbourne's Government many years before, which was defended with cogent argument by Mr. Spedding. There was abundant evidence of the unfitness of the Jamaica Assembly to protect the rights and interests of the coloured population. The only effectual remedy

was, as later experience showed, that the Crown should govern the colony through its agents for the equal benefit of all classes; but at that time constitutional jealousy was stronger or more indiscriminate than in the present day; and many Englishmen conscientiously believed that the suspension of Parliamentary government in Jamaica was a flagrant violation of the fundamental principle of freedom. Another and more serious obstacle to a necessary change consisted in the equally balanced strength of political parties at home. Sir Robert Peel, conscious not only of his growing strength, but of his incomparable superiority to the actual Ministers, was already on the threshold of power. It is to be regretted that he for once allowed party feeling to overrule his better judgment. By defeating the Jamaica Bill he forced the Government to resign; and it was only in consequence of the dispute about the Ladies of the Bedchamber that the Whigs retained office for two years longer. Mr. Spedding's article in the *Edinburgh Review* furnished the fullest and most convincing vindication of Lord John Russell's measure. Since that time proofs have been multiplied of the unsuitableness of representative government to communities which are not homogeneous. One of two distinct races obtains exclusive control of the common Legislature, with the result of depriving the weaker party not only of power, but of security. Even moral and social equality fails to remove the difficulty of reconciling conflicting interests or pretensions. The Danes and the Germans of the Duchies, after living in harmony under an absolute Government, burst asunder when a Constitution of the modern type was introduced into the monarchy. Similar causes have produced incessant conflicts in the Austrian Empire; and the same difficulty now complicates the affairs of South Africa. The Southern States of the American Union present the same problem which has been summarily solved in Jamaica, though perhaps the political instinct of the people of the United States may ultimately find a tolerable solution.

Mr. Spedding's political writings in the present collection are confined to colonial topics. Only a few severe students will recur to the history of Jamaica and South Australia, while graceful literary criticism derives an additional interest from the remoteness of its date. Mr. Spedding reviewed the *Headlong Hall* tales in 1837, and Tennyson's poems in 1842. His judgment has probably not been greatly altered during the lapse of years by the comments of later writers, which in the case of Tennyson would fill many volumes. His criticism on Peacock is ingenious and generally just; but he perhaps fails to sympathize sufficiently with the exaggerated expression of hearty animal enjoyment combined with intellectual vigour. It is hardly worth while to contend that Dr. Folliot's philosophy of eating and drinking is not wholly satisfactory. Perhaps, in spite of the song in *Crotchet Castle*, a man in his life of a span may do something better than dine; but dinner is at least as laudable as the competing projects for reforming the world which Dr. Folliot sets aside in favour of a glass of wine. It may be excusable to conjecture that at a later period of life Mr. Spedding would have formed a less grave and more genial judgment. The article on Mr. Tennyson's poems was written in fulfilment of a promise to the author that, if he would publish a new edition, Mr. Spedding would try to obtain leave to review it in the *Edinburgh*. To satisfy the editor it was necessary to tone down his praises of a genius which was then regarded with sincere and concentrated enthusiasm by a limited number of early admirers. The review bears traces of the conditions under which it was written. The extracts are for the most part taken from poems of secondary rank, while the "Morte d'Arthur," the "Pictures," the "Talking Oak," and the "Daydream" are, probably in deference to the characteristic timidity of Mr. Macvey Napier, merely mentioned in a single sentence. Some editors obey in their literary judgments a precept which has, with better reason, been propounded for the guidance of society in ordinary conversation. It has been thought imprudent to tell anything which the hearer does not know already, or to ask a question without certain anticipation of the answer. Criticism confined wholly to the repetition of established judgments is not instructive. Mr. Spedding had at that time a weighty message to deliver, and he must have regretted that his utterance was not wholly free. A review of Mr. Dickens's *American Notes* is remarkable for a little literary tempest which it produced. Mr. Spedding happened to remark that Mr. Dickens "went out, if we are rightly informed, as a kind of missionary in the cause of international copyright." For some unintelligible reason the thin-skinned satirist was violently offended by a statement which was at the same time perfectly accurate and wholly inoffensive. Mr. Dickens wrote indignantly to the editor to repudiate the supposed mission; and he is recorded in Forster's Life to have used still more extravagant and unjustifiable language. Mr. Spedding has now collected a number of passages from the Life and Letters which prove that Dickens believed himself to be actively and hopefully engaged in the copyright agitation. It is impossible to understand why he should have been offended at the suggestion that a creditable enterprise had been his principal object. He went to America, in fact, to get money by writing a book, and undoubtedly he did his best to procure an amendment in the law of copyright. Mr. Spedding at the worst inverted the order of his motives by putting the most disinterested first.

An elaborate and instructive essay on the metre called the English Hexameter is an answer to some lectures of Mr. Matthew Arnold on the same subject of chronic controversy. Mr. Spedding wholly declines to recognize in the English hexameter the metre

\* *Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political, and Historical, not relating to Bacon.* By James Spedding. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.



either of Homer or Virgil. In a discussion in which one or more other scholars afterwards joined, Mr. Spedding had the best of the argument, perhaps because he happened to be on the right side; but in a supplementary paper he falls into the heresy of disbelieving that the Greeks and Latins had a sense of quantity which is practically lost from modern languages, though it survives in traces which are only discernible by classical students. Those who are interested in the question cannot do better than resort for information to Mr. Spedding, who never deals superficially with any topic which he thinks it worth while to examine. They will in any case learn from him, from Mr. Arnold, and from Mr. Munro, that the inquiry is difficult and intricate. Mr. Spedding says nothing of the voluminous hexameters, original and translated, which satisfy the German ear. A nation which in prose habitually dispenses with style may naturally be tolerant in poetry of harsh and unsatisfactory metres. No foreigner, unless he has acquired a complete mastery of the German language, can form a competent judgment on the question whether German hexameters are essentially better than English. In languages where versification ordinarily depends on accent and not on quantity, it is probably necessary, as in English, to read hexameters by way of scansion, and not according to the mode in which Greek and Latin verses are read. It would be interesting to learn from French, Italian, and modern Greek scholars whether in their languages hexameters are artificially kept alive. There are a few essays on special subjects. In one of them Mr. Spedding disposes with quiet and ironical brevity of the whimsical doctrine, said to have numbered Lord Palmerston among its votaries, that the plays of Shakspeare were written by Bacon. It was almost superfluous for Mr. Spedding to refer to the highest authority on Bacon's style, which is his own practised judgment. Lord Palmerston might as reasonably have asserted that Mr. Gladstone composed Mr. Bright's speeches, because no other living orator could have been equally eloquent. Other essays relate to one or two isolated historical questions of the period which Mr. Spedding has studied in connexion with the events in which Bacon was concerned. A still more special topic is discussed in a paper on "Teaching to Read," which will be valuable to those who take an interest in phonetic spelling. The obstinate majority, though they have hardened their hearts against the innovation, will be amused by knowing that Mr. Spedding learned how to pronounce many consonanted Magyar and Croatian proper names by reading the history of the war of 1849 in the *Phonetic News*.

Perhaps the best essays in the collection are two theatrical criticisms, on the part of Viola as acted some years ago by Miss Kate Terry, and on Portia, as recently acted by Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Spedding's literary faculty appears to have been early matured, but both his critical judgment and his style have ripened and become more subtle with the lapse of years. In the conception of the part of Viola he points out some misapprehensions, though he gives just praise to the actress. The representation of the character of Portia seems to have been, in Mr. Spedding's opinion, both original and faultless. In both cases he passes from the immediate performer to the heroine of Shakspeare, taking the opportunity of reprehending with cutting gentleness of phrase some of the traditional blunders and vulgarities of the stage. It might have been supposed that no taint of coarseness or meanness could attach to the perfect grace of Viola; but Mr. Spedding has to vindicate her from the charge of plotting a marriage with the Duke when, in default of other means of obtaining a suitable livelihood, she entered his service in disguise. There is perhaps more excuse for the histrionic buffoonery which has delighted actors and spectators in connexion with her reception of Sir Andrew's challenge. She owes a debt of gratitude to the acute and thoughtful critic who shows that, notwithstanding her feminine timidity, she contrives throughout the difficult scene to maintain her composure and dignity. There may perhaps be found managers, not wholly illiterate, who will profit by Mr. Spedding's instructions. In the essay on Miss Ellen Terry's performance of Portia Mr. Spedding controverts the traditional theory that Shylock is the hero or central figure of the *Merchant of Venice*, and, in answer to critics who had objected to the prominence of Portia as performed by Miss Ellen Terry, contends that the genius of the performer had restored the true balance of dramatic interest as designed by Shakspeare. It is a proof of the advantages which art and literature enjoy in comparison with accurate political and historical knowledge that the majority of readers will care more for the rehabilitation of Viola and Portia than for the Jamaica Bill or Wakefield's theory of colonization.

#### NORDENSKIÖLD'S ARCTIC VOYAGES.\*

WE have read this work with great interest, and yet, as we came to the last page, we could not but regret that it had not been compiled with somewhat greater literary skill. Professor Nordenskiöld ranks with the first of Arctic discoverers, and his deeds should be told by a writer who could throw round them something of the charm of style. In the book before us Mr. Leslie, the compiler, has shown himself careful and painstaking. Higher praise than this he scarcely deserves. His method is not always very clear; his discrimination between what is worth mentioning and

what should be passed over in silence is not sound; his style is somewhat heavy, and his English is by no means faultless. The book might have been with advantage considerably shortened. Why, for instance, should we be told that on the 26th of August Hellstad shot a bear, and Malmgren and Dunér a number of seals? Had the slaughter of these animals saved the lives of a crew, it would have been of interest to the reader. But they were killed just at the end of a summer voyage, a few days before the ship set off for Europe. Why, again, should we be told that on one occasion an attempt was made to blast a block of ice with gunpowder, when "a cavity was produced which, however, did not extend through the whole thickness of the ice, which was not considered successful"? Nothing of any importance depended, so far as we are told, on the success of this attempt, and nothing came of its failure. Some men once tried to blast a block of ice, and did not consider that they had succeeded. There we have the whole story; but, when we hear it, we may well ask why we were troubled by having it told to us. No small part of the book is a translation from the Swedish, and an awkward translation too. We come across such a passage as the following:—"We had the opportunity . . . of being astonished at the idea occurring to any one of sailing," &c. We read of the "epoch-forming influence which has been exerted on geological theories." Such sentences, awkward though they are, nevertheless can be made out by a little consideration. But what are we to say to such a passage as the following?—"Taken overhead an investigation as complete as possible of the geology of the Polar lands, so difficult of access, is an indispensable condition for a knowledge of the former history of our globe." If such phrases as "taken overhead" are to be reckoned sterling English, it would seem that an investigation as complete as possible of the idioms of all foreign languages is an indispensable condition for a knowledge of our own tongue. Any one who knew Swedish would, no doubt, at once understand what Mr. Leslie means by "taken overhead"; but then he who could read Swedish would not need Mr. Leslie's compilation.

In spite of these drawbacks, this book will be read with great interest by all who have followed out the course of Arctic exploration. In the limited space we have at our command we can but touch on a few of the many points on which Mr. Leslie dwells. Professor Nordenskiöld's voyages extend over a period of twenty-two years, and almost every year has its own tale. The great discoverer and naturalist comes of a good old Swedish stock that had settled at Frugord in Finland. One of his ancestors had built the house in which his distinguished descendant passed his youth. In the middle of it there is "a hall two stories high, round the upper part of which runs a gallery in which collections in natural history are arranged." Each generation had been eager students of nature and had made additions to the collections. Such a house as this, with old books and curiosities of all kinds, was, as Mr. Leslie well says, "a fitting home for the future naturalist and explorer, Adolf Erik, who was to make the name of Nordenskiöld world-famous." The lad used to accompany his father when, in his position of Government Inspector of Mines, he made his tours through Finland. He thus early acquired the keen eye of the mineralogist. He was next sent to the "Gymnasium" at Borgo. Here he enjoyed very great liberty so far as studies were concerned, and at the end of his first year had distinguished himself, according to the Rector, "only by absolute idleness." His father knew his son's character. He removed from him even the slight control to which he had been hitherto subjected. His mother had during this first year lived with him in the town, and a private tutor had been given him. Henceforth "we were boarded in very modest quarters, and got full liberty to manage our studies in our own way. Self-respect was thus awakened. I became exceedingly industrious." He next passed to the University of Helsingfors, where he carried on his studies with extraordinary zeal. We get one or two pleasant glimpses into the vigorous life of the Finnish University. For instance, for his degree of Licentiate, which would correspond, we believe, with our degree of Bachelor, he wrote a paper "On the crystalline forms of graphite and chondrodite, which was discussed under the presidency of the Dean of the Mathematico-Physical Faculty." The Crimean war broke out about this time, and he and some of his fellow-students incurred the displeasure of the Russian Government by the sympathy they showed with the Western Powers, and were rusticated. On his return he hoped to receive one of the large travelling stipends of the University. He gave in as his plan of travel a geological excursion to Siberia and to Kamschatka. The plan was not carried out at the time; but "I hope now," he wrote, only two years ago, when he was on the point of setting out on his last great voyage, "to bring about a scientific expedition to the same regions, though on another and far grander scale than would then have been possible for me." He obtained, however, "the Alexander stipend for a tour of study through Europe." We may pause for a moment to reflect how much might be done by our own Universities were they to train up such students as Nordenskiöld, and were they to apply some part of their funds as wisely as the University of Helsingfors. Nordenskiöld delayed his departure on his travels in order to be present at the Promotion Festival of 1857, when he was to be promoted to the degree of master and doctor, with the first place of honour among the masters and the second among the doctors. "This 'promotion,'" he says, "became an unexpected turning-point in my life." On the invitation of the young men who were to become laureates, a deputation was present from two of the Swedish Universities. They were received with great

\* *The Arctic Voyages of Adolf Eric Nordenskiöld, 1858-1879.* With Illustrations and Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

honour. "Even the older men did not weigh with any special care the words with which the guests from the dear old mother-country were welcomed." At a banquet Nordenskiöld drank, in the words of one of their poets, a toast to the days of memories that have fled and the hope that still remains. The Governor-General looked upon it all as little better than treason, and Nordenskiöld received a warning from one of the Governor's most intimate friends that he would do well to go abroad. He accordingly left Russia. He was not even suffered to return to take his last leave of his mother on her deathbed. He soon received an appointment in Stockholm, in the Riks-Museum; and, being a Swede by race, became also a Swede by citizenship.

He at once began to form plans for Arctic exploration. The modest scale on which he carried out all his early attempts reminds us of the great voyagers of the days of the Tudors. The funds placed at his disposal were very small. He received grants of a few hundred pounds from the Government and contributions from some of the learned societies and from private people. He has had throughout a munificent patron in Mr. Oscar Dickson, a merchant of Gothenburg. The total cost of one of his expeditions amounted to less than 3,000*l.*; yet the results were so important that it won for him the gold medal of the English and French Geographical Societies. The ships in which he sailed were of the smallest. One year he went in a vessel of less than twenty-seven tons burden, manned by a crew of nine men. Even when his expeditions began to be on a bigger scale, the ships were still small. It was in his staff of men of science that he was specially strong. Thus in 1868, while his crew numbered but fourteen, he had a physician, three zoologists, two botanists, a physicist, and a geologist and mineralogist. He himself was an all-accomplished man of science, while in the two officers of the ship he had highly trained sailors, accustomed to all astronomical observations. In his great North-Eastern expedition, from which he has not yet returned, everything was planned on a larger scale. Yet it was to cost only 20,000*l.*, of which sum Mr. Oscar Dickson himself contributed 12,000*l.* The *Vega*, in which Nordenskiöld sailed through the Arctic Ocean from the Atlantic into the Pacific, was, it is true, accompanied part of the way by three other vessels. But her own crew consisted of but eighteen seamen. Of officers and other scientific men there were nine. With this company of men—weak indeed in numbers, but strong in scientific knowledge—he accomplished a task which was first attempted more than three centuries ago, but which had long been considered impossible. No ship, it was thought, could pass through the Sea of Kara, that "ice-cellar," as one of the great geographers called it. Nordenskiöld set himself to his great work in his usual cautious way. He first aimed only at reaching the mouth of the great river Yenisej. He saw that, if the mouth of this river could be easily reached, a vast opening would be made for commerce. He started in a schooner of seventy tons burden with a crew of twelve, and accompanied by two botanists and two zoologists. Was there ever before, we should like to know, a ship of discovery which carried twelve sailors and five learned doctors? With no great difficulty they reached the mouth of the mighty river. "We had now," Nordenskiöld says with just pride, "attained a goal which great seafaring nations had for centuries striven in vain to reach." He sent his ship back to Norway while he ascended the Yenisej in a boat to a village where he was taken on board a river steamer. His account of Siberia certainly gives a great shock to all the associations which had gathered round the very name of the country:—

We were yet far to the north of the Arctic circle, and as many perhaps imagine that the little known region we were now travelling through, the Siberian *tundra*, is a desert wilderness covered either by ice and snow, or by an exceedingly scanty moss vegetation, it perhaps may not be unsuitable to state that this is by no means the case. On the contrary, we saw snow, as has been mentioned before, during our journey up the Yenisej only at one place, in a deep valley cleft some fathoms in breadth, and the vegetation, especially on the islands which are overflowed during the spring floods, is distinguished by a luxuriance to which I have seldom seen anything comparable.

Already had the fertility of the soil and the immeasurable extent and richness in grass of the pastures drawn forth from one of our walrus-hunters, a middle-aged man, who is owner of a little patch of ground among the fells in northern Norway, a cry of envy at the splendid land our Lord had given "the Russian," and of astonishment that no creature pastured, no scythe mowed, the grass. Daily and hourly we heard the same cry repeated, and in even louder tones, when some weeks after we came to the grand old forests between Yeniseisk and Turuchansk, or to the nearly uninhabited plains on the other side of Krasnojarsk covered with deep *tcherno-sem* (black earth); equal without doubt in fertility to the best parts of Scania, and in extent surpassing the whole Scandinavian peninsula. This judgment formed on the spot by a genuine though an illiterate agriculturist is not without interest in forming an idea of the future importance of Siberia.

His enthusiasm, indeed, about this wild country knows no bounds. As he writes he has before him, as he says, a bunch of splendid Siberian grapes. The currants that were growing wild were larger than any he had before seen, even in gardens. Siberia can boast of a belt of land, in most places more than six hundred miles broad, generally "covered with splendid easily cultivable soil, stretching from Ural to the Pacific." There are vast forests of huge pines, through which, if a man should travel, he might go for a hundred leagues, perhaps for two hundred, without coming upon an inhabited place. At no great expense, as competent engineers maintained, the Yenisej might be connected with the Obi and the Lena. These three rivers, according to the Academician von Baer, drained a larger extent of territory than all the rivers which flow into the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. We can almost forgive Mr. Leslie when in his en-

thusiasm he writes:—"By these voyages was inaugurated (*sic*) a sea-route from the Atlantic destined to be of incalculable importance for the development of the resources of Northern Asia and for the commerce of the world." Certainly Professor Nordenskiöld, if he has not inaugurated anything, has opened a new line of trade. If he is not carried away by the too sanguine hopes of a discoverer, how great is the folly of Russia in turning her strength, and wasting it at the same time, upon the barren steppes of Central Asia. The lives and the treasure that she is throwing away in wresting from wandering tribes lands which at the best afford but a miserable sustenance, might turn her northern territories into vast States as prosperous as those of North America. Russia, however, cares more about subduing men than mastering nature.

Everywhere in his trip up the Yenisej the traveller was well received. The captain of the steamer had at first hesitated about taking him on board. His was neither a passenger boat nor a cargo boat, but a movable warehouse propelled by steam. He was more of a trader than a navigator, and was seldom styled by the crew captain, but master. When, however, he learnt what manner of people the travellers were he at once received them. He cleared the goods out of one of his cabins, treated them with hospitality, and refused to receive any payment whatever, though they were a whole month on his boat. They returned overland to Sweden. For this voyage the former student of the University of Helsingfors, who had not even been allowed to return to Finland to see his dying mother, received the thanks of the Russian Government. The honours of his discovery belong, however, not to Russia, which had found his spirit too free and bold, and so had rejected him, but to Sweden, which had gladly welcomed him.

No sooner had he returned than he began to plan the greatest of his voyages, from which he is on his way home once more crowned with success. Of this voyage Mr. Leslie gives us a brief but an interesting account. We are sorry, by the way, to learn that, at Cape Chelyuskin, the very extremity of the Old World, in latitude 77° 36' 37", "a promontory glinted." Glinting, we had hitherto hoped, was confined to the pages of silly novels and to the latitude of London. However, we must not part with Mr. Leslie with a word of censure. We must thank him for having introduced English readers to the career of a man of a singular greatness of character. Not the least part of our obligation is due to him for having shown how much can be done by such a man with the most moderate resources. Some of Nordenskiöld's voyages, voyages rich moreover in discoveries, have certainly cost less than a Lord Mayor's dinner or the maintenance of a pack of hounds. We should like to see in all our great seaports merchants with the same enthusiasm for science and the same generosity that distinguish Mr. Oscar Dickson of Gothenburg, fitting out like him exploring expeditions. We do not know why such enthusiasm and such generosity should be confined to our seaports. In such a case as this "ship-money" might be raised even in the inland counties. It is, at all events, no small satisfaction to learn that one Englishman, Mr. Leigh-Smith, was of the greatest service to Nordenskiöld at the time when he and his crew were in the utmost danger. Mr. Leigh-Smith had been in his yacht to Spitzbergen, and had met the Swedes, who were intending to pass the winter there. He promised to be among the first who would look for them next summer. "Thus they separated from the man who," says the narrator of the expedition, "was to render it so great a service, and bind its members to him for ever in the bond of gratitude and attachment." Those of our readers who do not remember the services that were thus rendered we must refer to Mr. Leslie's book.

#### HENDERSON'S FOLK-LORE OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.\*

THIS new edition of Mr. Henderson's work, which was first published thirteen years ago, makes its appearance with such authority as it may derive from the sanction of the Folk-lore Society, of whose "Record" we lately (September 20, 1879) noticed the first volume. It thus takes its place amongst a series of books the purpose of which is to bring together accounts of all the superstitions and traditional stories which form the unwritten literature of the English people, and thus, by an exhaustive examination of an important field, to enrich the great storehouse of Comparative Mythology. In our remarks on the "Folk-lore Record" we said something of the method which it would be well to follow in carrying out such an undertaking; and it is with reference chiefly to this method that we purpose to speak of Mr. Henderson's volume, although the large amount of fresh matter incorporated into it would give it an independent claim to our attention. The papers in the first volume of the "Record" revealed a danger which seems to call for more systematic co-operation and for closer editorial revision. We pointed out instances of repetition not only in notices of local customs which seemed to have no particular interest or significance, but in anecdotes or statements quoted from books. Some of the matter so repeated makes its appearance again in Mr. Henderson's pages. We have here once more Bacon's account, twice quoted in the "Record," of the

\* Notes on the Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders. By William Henderson. London: Published for the Folk-lore Society. 1879.



means by which the wife of the English Ambassador in Paris professed to get rid of his warts; and we confess ourselves unable to look forward without some misgivings to the multiplication of volumes open to this charge of tedious iteration. We even venture to hint that, if the same custom be found in many or all the counties of England, it is not necessary to speak of it again and again, as though it were peculiar to one. We may be thought overbold if we add that, among the various matters comprised in the province of what is called folk-lore, there may be some which it is scarcely worth while to notice at all. Explorers in an inviting region may naturally resent such counsel, especially if they have reason for thinking that it may soon be too late to seek for the treasures contained in it. Still the loss of some of the matter of Mr. Henderson's book would, we believe, be no great disaster. Of the various modes of charming away warts many have been given already in the "Record"; but, even if we had no previous knowledge of them, there would be little profit in learning that of these plans one is to steal a piece of raw meat, rub the warts with it, and throw it away; while "a fourth is to make as many knots in a hair as there are warts on the hand, and throw it away. A fifth is to apply eel's blood; a sixth to whisper to the wart, 'If you do not go away in a week, I'll burn you off with caustic.'" Again, "boys take a new pin, cross the warts with it nine times, and fling it over the left shoulder; or they prick the warts with a number of pins, and stick the pins into an ash tree, believing that as the pins become embedded in the growing bark the warts will disappear." If, under the head of Charms and Spells, we are to wade through pages of similar details for all the counties of the kingdom, and if all customs closely analogous to these are to be recorded at length, the prospect is rather alarming. It is seldom that the details are absolutely identical, but the difference lies often or commonly in some very minute or insignificant point. The principle of the wart cure by sticking pins into a tree reappears unchanged in the recipe for a cough which directs that a hairy caterpillar is to be tied in a small bag round the child's neck, the corresponding explanation being given that as the insect dies the cough vanishes.

It seems obvious that, when we have to deal with vast multitudes of facts or supposed facts, most of which, taken singly, are of little consequence, the first and indispensable need is that of careful classification. If the reader looks for such exactness of method in Mr. Henderson's volume, he must to some extent be disappointed. Among the more important chapters is the one on Dragons or Worms; and if in connexion with popular beliefs or traditions there is one subject more than another in which we ought to arrange our materials systematically, it is when we speak of beings described under similar names, but often widely differing in their attributes. We have snakes which are baleful and deadly; we have others which are endowed with wisdom and capable of imparting it to others; some are creatures of the darkness, others belong to the regions of light. Some bring only havoc and ruin; others are associated only with the ideas of life and its incessant reproduction. Some are regarded with friendly affection, others with horror and loathing. It is impossible to place in the same group the malignant snakes which the infant Hercules strangles in his cradle, and those which feed the babe Iamos with honey in the violet beds, or again, the serpent which is the minister of Esculapius in restoring the sick to health and the cripple to soundness of limb. We have to note also their forms as well as their attributes—the half-woman Echidna, whose cave Hercules enters in the wilds of Scythia, and the less shapely monsters slain by Phœbus, Cadmus, and other gods or heroes; and, further, we have to determine whether these creatures have any affinity with the terrible beings discomfited or slain by Edipus, Theseus, Bellerophon, or Perseus. It is clear that we cannot explain these outgrowths of popular belief by assigning them all to one source, nor shall we account for the kindly functions of many of these beings by referring to the terror with which in the earlier ages men regarded the uncouth and fearful forms of some among the beasts encountered by them. This, however, seems to be the conclusion reached by Mr. Henderson; and the result is a certain weakness of treatment which tempts us to think that it would have been better to give no explanation at all. After some discourse about Saurians and Pterodactyles, we are told that

The "baby thought" of the human race having been moulded by such strange and terrible creatures, we cannot wonder that the earliest traditions of almost every nation tell of monsters of sea or land—the foes of man. The folklore of China teems with tales of dragons and serpents. In the Grecian mythology we find the many-headed Hydra destroyed by Hercules, the boar of Calydon by Meleager, the Cretan Minotaur by Theseus, as well as the sea-monster from whom Perseus saved Andromeda, the horses of Diomedes who fed on human flesh, and the Cyclop Polyphemus blinded by Ulysses, while Norse mythology tells of the Jormungand, a sea-serpent surrounding the globe and defying the mighty Thor to do more than move it slightly, and the Kraken, which buries its vast bulk in the muddy ooze of the ocean's depths, only rising from time to time to engulf some unhappy ship beneath the waves.

It seems strange that the motley group of conceptions associated with the beings mentioned in this passage should have its origin in the sight or the dread of pterodactyles and mammoths, and that these stupendous brutes should be sometimes, as in the case of Polyphemus, represented by creatures in human shape, although it may be of gigantic size. But, in truth, Mr. Henderson is more successful in telling his story than in marking its chief features. Thus in his account of the ravager of the Pollard lands, he tells us that the battle of the champion with the monster was waged during the night, and that "the sun rose just as Pollard

severed the boar's head from the trunk"; but there is nothing to show that he has noticed the bearing of this incident on the origin of the story, or marked the significance of the treasures which the local worms or dragons of Northern England, like those of every other country, are supposed to guard. He admits that such stories are widely spread, and that their growth must be a subject of great interest; but he seems more inclined to account for this growth by guesses than by a patient comparison of each legend and all its features with other legends to which they exhibit any likeness. It is really doing too much honour to nonsensical theories to mention that some authors look upon these stories as growing up "round the memory of such monsters of cruelty as Attila or the infamous Baron de Retz, who are accordingly handed down to posterity with the outward lineaments of dragons and suchlike monsters." We were not aware that they are so handed down; but we do not dispute Mr. Henderson's conclusion that this theory is "insufficient to cover the whole question," although we fail to see that anything is gained by trying to combine two other theories—those, namely, which trace these conceptions to the shapes of gigantic Saurians, or which discern in these stories the moral and spiritual strife between good and evil, "once shown in all its intensity upon Mount Calvary." Retaining the latter belief, he yet thinks it perfectly clear "that the outward form and presentment of evil as thus set before us is borrowed from those monstrous forms of animal life which were more familiar to our ancestors than happily they are to their descendants." By some means or other, these grotesque or horrible beings became emblems of the powers of evil over which Christian heroes have been victorious; but what this process was Mr. Henderson cannot say:—

Whether the legend (of St. George and the Dragon) was founded on a true history, or was called into existence to meet the cravings of a recently Christianized world, may be open to doubt; but certain it is that, presented as was its subject in so attractive a form, it exactly met the wants of men who in those days of ignorance needed some material embodiment which should forcibly impress upon them the great contest between good and evil.

It is, to say the least, equally certain that the piling up of guesses is unscientific, and that it is especially out of place until we have traced these traditions to their earliest form, and examined the most ancient literature relating to them. It is useless to theorize about the dragons of Wantley and Lambton until we have compared them with dragons in the legends of other countries, and carefully examined the language of each. If we assert that a myth at first purely physical acquired gradually a moral and spiritual significance, we must trace the several stages through which it passed; and these we are able to follow on Indian and Persian soil, marking the steps by which the battle of the rain god with the throttling snake or dragon, Ahi or Vritra, has become the dualistic conflict between Ormuzd and Ahriman. In the words of M. Bréal:—

Le mythe védique, transformé et agrandi par les livres iraniens, entre par cette voie dans le Christianisme. Une fois que l'Apocalypse, en donnant place à une représentation répandue dans tout le monde indo-européen, l'eut autorisée aux yeux de la foi, les traditions locales substituèrent saint Michel, saint Georges, ou saint Théodore à Jupiter, Apollon, Héraclès ou Persée. C'est sous ce déguisement que le mythe védique est parvenu jusqu'à nous et qu'il a encore ses fêtes et ses monuments. Les arts l'ont consacré en mille manières; saint Michel, une lance à la main, debout sur le dragon, est une image aussi familière à tous les yeux que l'a pu être, il y a trente siècles, à l'esprit des Indous le dieu Indra foulant aux pieds le démon Vritra foudroyé.

The chapters on Haunted Spots and on Dreams are even less satisfactory. It is not easy to see how many of the stories here told can be regarded as belonging to folk-lore at all, or why they should be related as in any way peculiar to or characteristic of the Northern counties. Thus we have here the oft-repeated tale of the family party gathered in a garden, when one of the children, looking up suddenly, exclaims that she sees her brother walking on the gravel path. The brother is in India, and the father, taking a note of the time, learns afterwards that his son had died at the moment of the apparition. Undoubtedly these stories, whatever may be their historical value, prove, as Mr. Henderson remarks, the existence of a belief in ghosts or spectres; but there is little use in relating them at length, when tales either identical with them or most closely resembling them are to be found everywhere. From the pains which Mr. Henderson takes to impress on us the trustworthiness of the witnesses or of the narrators on whose authority they rest, we might be justified in inferring that he wished some of them at least to be regarded as ascertained facts. Even to this there would be no objection if he kept consistently to this opinion. But, having related some of these tales with an evident inclination to accept them as historically credible, he lays special stress on one which he regards as "of exceeding interest." This story of the ghost of Lew Trenchard House he gives in the words of Mr. Baring Gould, and some of its features are striking enough. The spectre which haunts the house is that of a lady who goes by the name of Madame Gould, and who died about the end of the eighteenth century. Her appearance to a young man who returned from America shortly after her death is thus related:—

Hiring a horse at Tavistock, he rode home, a distance of twelve miles. It was a clear moonlight night, and as he passed through the Lew Valley with the white rime lying thick on the grass, he noticed a newly-ploughed field, in which the plough had been left. On this was seated a lady in white satin, with long brown hair floating down her shoulders. Her face was uplighted, and her eyes directed towards the moon, so that Mr. Symmonds had a full view of it. He recognized her at once, and, taking off his hat, he called out, "I wish you a very good night, madame." She bowed in return, and waved her hand, the man noticing the sparkle of her diamond rings as she did

so. On reaching home, after the first greetings and congratulations, he said to his aged parents: "What do you think, now? I have seen that strange Madame Gould, sitting on a plough this time o' night, and with frost on the ground, looking at the moon." All who heard him started, and a blank expression passed over their countenances. The young man, seeing that he had surprised them more than he had anticipated, asked what was the matter. The reply was, "Madame was buried three days ago in Lew Church."

On the tradition thus localized at Lew Trenchard Mr. Baring Gould remarks (and clearly with Mr. Henderson's approval), that in its essentials it is of very great antiquity; that Madame Gould strongly resembles the German Dame Holle; and that, in his belief, she is "unquestionably an ancient Saxon goddess, who has fallen from her pedestal and undergone anthropomorphism and localization"; such instances, though not uncommon in Norway or Germany, being, he adds, rare in England. Mr. Gould is probably right; but it is obvious that his mode of dealing with the story may be applied to all stories of the same class related in this volume, and we must choose between such explanations and the simpler faith which is ready to accept them as facts if they rest on what is regarded as "credible testimony." If we follow Mr. Gould, we may be tempted to think that Mr. Henderson has overloaded his pages with these tales. Of the book, taken on the whole, we may say that it contains much matter which is well worth attention, and much also which adds little or nothing to its interest or its value.

#### THE CHINGLEPUT OR MADRAS DISTRICT.\*

WE can hardly give a clearer notion of this compilation than by comparing it to a statistical account of Middlesex which should describe everything except London. It is, in fact, a detailed account of the district which lies between Nellore and Northern Arcot on the one side and Southern Arcot on the other, and which comprises the Presidency town of Madras. Everything relating to the latter place has very properly been excluded, on the principle which led Mr. W. W. Hunter, in his volumes of statistics for the Province of Bengal, to omit all notice of Calcutta from his chapters on the Twenty-four Pergunnahs. The capitals of Bengal and of Western and Southern India each deserve a volume to themselves. It might probably be imagined that there could not be much interest in the description of a district which contains little of mountain scenery, and no picturesque tribes with strange dialects, features in strong contrast to the Aryans, and astounding customs in regard to marriage and worship. But a careful perusal of the book will remove any such impression. A weekly contemporary not long ago, while admitting the sterling qualities of the Indian civil and military services, their earnestness, hard work, and devotion to the natives, characteristically ended with the paradox that they had but one fault, "they knew nothing of India." We believe, on the contrary, that in every generation scores of men have carried into the silence of private life in England an acquaintance with the peculiarities of Hindu mechanics and agriculturists as profound and accurate as that possessed of our own rural population by practical landowners and benevolent agents. The misfortune hitherto is that a vast deal of this rustic erudition has perished with its possessors. And it is the merit of works like Mr. Hunter's and the volume before us that they rescue ephemeral knowledge from oblivion, collect and arrange scattered details, link each generation to its successor, expound or reconcile conflicting theories about rent and taxation, overflow with statistics indispensable to any estimate of Indian progress, and prove, in a quiet but unpretending way, how much has been done, in spite of early errors, to raise the standard of intelligence and social comfort amongst Mahomedans and Hindus. Half-an-hour's perusal of the chapters in this manual devoted to agriculture would have prevented the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* (August 1879) from gravely recording such absurdities as that "the Hindus have three castes, the Brahmans, or priestly caste; the Shatras (!), or soldier caste; and the cultivators. To these a fourth is added, the outcast serfs or labourers."

We must begin by stating what the district of Chingleput has not got. It cannot boast of the fertility of Tinnevely or Tanjore in the far south, which are the just pride of all Madras civilians. A large portion of Chingleput consists of stony and unprofitable wastes; and its mountainous ranges, with bare tops rising to the height of about 2,500 feet, cannot be compared in beauty with the Anaimalai or the Neilgherry hills. To sportsmen it offers but slight attractions beyond a few antelope and spotted deer, and abundance of snipe. Its canals, as works of utility, are not to be mentioned beside the irrigation works of the Godaveri. Yet the total revenue from all sources—land, excise, salt, stamps, and one or two other items—averages about 475,000*l.*, or, in Indian phraseology, 47 lacks of rupees. And the holdings of ryots under the Government, whom an English lawyer would probably term tenants *in capite*, number more than 55,000. Of these 23,000 pay less than one pound rent a year. This part of India has not even the faintest breath of a cold season or winter, as the temperature in December and January stands at 70° at sunrise, and is over 80° by 2 P.M. The average rainfall is under 50 inches

in the year, but parts of the district have occasionally been flooded by a downpour of something like 20 inches in twenty-four hours. Every now and then there is the excitement of a cyclone, with its strange interval of a calm between two violent gales blowing from diametrically opposite quarters. No less than seventeen of these visitations have been recorded in little more than a century. Even in ordinary seasons there is always the celebrated surf to be watched, dreaded, and admired. In fine weather the rollers have a height of 3 feet, and break at 300 feet from the shore. In storms they swell to 12 or 14 feet, and break at a distance of 1,000 feet.

The author of this work, Mr. C. S. Crole, has, we ought to state, a great deal to communicate besides notices of geology, climate, and fauna and flora. He has filled the office of Sub-Collector at Chingleput for several years, has had access to the records of Government, and has splintered his lance in an animated controversy with his superiors about the causes of arrears, the precise status of sub-tenants, and the squabbles between this class and their opponents, known as Mirassidars. But before glancing at the intricacies of revenue questions, it is instructive to mark how the district was originally acquired, and how we dealt with it during the early or mercantile period of the Company's rule. When the French, under Lally and La Bourdonnais, were disputing with us for empire in the arena of the southern Presidency, there were two rival Nawabs who claimed help and recognition from the foreigners. Raja Sahab was the *protégé* of the French. We espoused the cause of Nawab Mohammed Ali, who, in return, made over to the East India Company the district of Chingleput by a grant in 1760, which was confirmed by the helpless Emperor of Delhi, Shah Alum, in 1763. We think it was injudicious of the author to devote part of one chapter to the policy of Dupleix and Lally, and to all the marches, countermarches, sieges and treaties, which are far better told in Orme and other historians. One or two facts, however, may be culled from his pages, though they are too diffuse for a summary, and not ample enough for a history. He has exhumed the original letter from the Governor of Madras intimating to the Court of Directors that an ensign's commission had been granted to a certain Mr. Robert Clive, as "being of martial disposition," and "having acted as a volunteer in our late engagements." It is characteristic of the age and the man to find that this same soldier-civilian is credited with the gift of a splendid necklace, of the value of 3,682 rupees, the shrine of a celebrated temple at Conjeeveram, usually spelt Kanchipuram or the "City of Gold." The town of Madras, we note, or rather the land which was its nucleus, was given to the East India Company in 1639 by a subordinate of the Raja of Chandragiri, and it is pointedly designated "as one of the last acts of Hindu sovereignty in the South."

But while Madras was rising in importance, while Governors were disputing with their Councils, and Hyder Ali was devastating the Carnatic with fire and sword, the district of Chingleput, besides being the scene of historical battles, became the cause of much official perplexity and antagonism, which it is the special merit of volumes such as these faithfully to portray. Mr. Crole gives a clear sketch of the revenue administration under the Hindus, the Mahomedans, and the British; and we can only repeat that no right understanding as to the sources of popular contentment, the increase of wealth, the prevention of famine, or the incidence of taxation, can possibly be arrived at by any statesman until this intricate subject has been fairly mastered in essential principles, if not in minute details. Mr. Crole quotes Sir Thomas Munro to support his own scepticism as to the moderate share of the produce of the soil which mild Hindu sovereigns were supposed to take. It is all very well for Manu and other authorities to fix the regal share at one-sixth or one-fourth. It seems reasonable to conclude that the share of the ruler was generally one-half, and sometimes more. It is also quite certain that in the south of India, and in Chingleput especially, the village communities flourished during the Hindu period, and that the cultivating classes were divided into three classes of proprietors, under-tenants, and mere slaves. Wilks's account of Mysore, and papers published by the Madras Government in 1862, are mines of antiquarian lore on these topics. After the Hindus came, of course, the Mahomedan kings of Golconda; but their administration lasted little more than a century and a half. Mr. Crole has very little to say in favour of either the Emperor or his lieutenants. Few records were kept; no regular or even summary settlement seems to have been attempted; confusion and anarchy followed on the break-up of the Mogul Empire; Hyder's cavalry, in the well-known words of Burke, "blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple"; and it is scarcely a matter of surprise that, when the Madras Government were presented with Chingleput as a fief, or *jaghir*, by their grateful Nawab, Mohammed Ali, they could only see their way to collecting the revenue by handing over the whole tract back to the grantor on an annual lease. Nothing, if we can credit Mr. Crole, could have been worse than the result. A dozen English collectors, changed every two years, with no ideas on any Indian subject except palankins, hackeries, coarse red cloths, and the woollen manufactures of "Gentooes," groping in the dark by the aid of venal interpreters to find out if there was the smallest analogy between the rent-roll of an English squire and the collection list of the Talook of Conjeeveram, could never have wrought anything like the misery occasioned by the harpies and hangers-on of the Nawab. At length the Court of Directors, in sheer despair, took up the matter, and the stern re-

\* *The Chingleput, late Madras District. A Manual compiled under the Orders of the Madras Government, by Charles Stewart Crole, of the Madras Civil Service. Madras: W. H. Moore. 1879.*



alities of revenue administration had to be faced. At first there were a good many changes and shiftings in the English agency, with the usual result of turning six into half-a-dozen and half-a-dozen into six. Some of the tracts were farmed out, as was the case in Bengal; and, what with ignorance, uncertainty, and the impassiveness and distrust of the actual proprietors, no progress was made until the arrival of a certain Mr. Lionel Place, who became Collector of the district in the time of Lord Hobart, in 1794. Mr. Crole dwells deservedly on the character, the determination, and the beneficent labours of this gentleman, who is an excellent type of those early administrators to whom we owe much of our success in bringing order out of chaos. Mr. Place sent old and corrupt agents about their business, and established an improved native machinery. He procured a survey of the cultivated area and lists of villages; he numbered the houses and made a fair census of the agricultural population. He swept away a variety of unauthorized and harassing cesses. He made regular tours in the interior, reported on irrigation, tried experiments in the cultivation of wheat, dug magnificent reservoirs, imported sheep to supply the English cantonments with mutton, and endeavoured, though without success, to improve the breed of horses. We are sorry to add that, as often happens with such earnest and uncompromising subordinates, Mr. Place got into hot water with the Board of Revenue, wrote acrimoniously, lost his temper, and resigned his office. But his name deserves to attain that tardy recognition from his countrymen which Mr. Crole assures us it has already received from Vannias and Vellalas. Mr. Place's labours have laid the foundation of every element of strength and soundness that, in Madras and elsewhere, have enabled the British Government to mitigate famine or to be proof against political intrigue.

The remarkable feature in these Indian Collectors is that they have acquired an intimate knowledge of taxation, tenures, the devolution of landed property, and the ineradicable customs which have survived Mahomedan oppression and Mahratta raid, without themselves ever holding one single acre of land beyond the garden in which they teach English peas and cauliflowers to grow. In other countries minute information on such matters has been generally acquired because its possessor has himself bought property, has dealt with tenants, and has studied theories of sub-soil draining which he afterwards puts in practice on his farms. In India experience has been purchased by sheer hard work and familiar intercourse amongst the villagers, without the least aid derived from self-interest. After the Mutiny, amongst other wild proposals for reform, it was suggested that the salaries of Collectors and Magistrates should be ruthlessly cut down, and that they should be compensated by a permission to take farms on lease, to hold landed property, and to dabble in indigo, sugar, and the like. In this way, it was urged, they would gain that insight into the feelings of the masses on which Government could safely depend whenever it was thought advisable to take a census, to levy a new tax, or to introduce some organic change which was to recast or reinvigorate native society. Such theorists were evidently ignorant that when Collectors and Settlement Officers do win the confidence of the masses, it is mainly because the village elders realize the fact that the English gentleman, with his tent, his elephants, his stud of Arabs or country-breds, and his measuring chain, has no private interest to serve, but is acting solely on behalf of the State, the common father and mother of all. Mr. Place, if we can judge from his generous but hasty temper and his impatience of control, was never very likely to have risen to eminence in Council or even the Secretariat, but the great Indian statesman whom we have recently laid in Westminster Abbey was on a par with Mr. Place in revenue knowledge, and had left a similar name from similar labours in the Punjab and the districts of the Delhi division. Every Anglo-Indian who had ever had charge of a district is familiar with the sight of some petty tenant-proprietor who rushes into his court and displays, to prove the exact boundary or the acreage of his holding, some well-worn and tattered document purporting to be the copy of a record granted him two or three generations ago by a departed Collector of the stamp of Mr. Place, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Robert Bird, Sir Thomas Munro, and Lord Lawrence.

We have no space to go into the exact status of the Mirassidar or tenant-proprietor, or to explain why it is that, with every favourable disposition towards him on the part of the authorities, he has dwindled down into the condition of a mere ordinary Ryot. Those who wish to know more of the revenue administration than can be compressed into a review will find in the appendix a letter from the Board of Revenue deprecating with good reason the extension of the Bengal Zemindary system to Madras, but advocating a Ryotwari settlement in perpetuity. This letter is justly characterized as a very able State paper. We have dwelt more on the revenue than on other official topics, because, until a fair assessment has been accepted by the people, it is vain to talk to them about dispensaries, local improvements, municipal committees, and village schools. But there is an immense deal of information in this book regarding social and philanthropic measures which have been introduced by the Government and received by the natives sometimes with suspicion, often with sullenness and apathy, but occasionally with cheerfulness and active good will. Particulars of the salaries of various officers, their tentage and travelling allowances; long lists and descriptions of castes; details of local funds, criminal statistics, notes of the areas watered by divers irrigation works, the prices of grain for ten years, the value of exports, the number of cows, buffaloes, sheep, and horses, and a variety of kindred topics—all this is methodically displayed in the

text or in the appendix. And if the salary of a Collector, compared with like offices in Bengal or the North-West Provinces, looks large, amounting to not far short of 3,000*l.* a year, it must be remembered that in Madras there is no grade of Commissioner between the district officer and the Board; that the duty involves a vast responsibility; that the post is sometimes not reached until after twenty years of service; and that it may be the highest to which any but the most fortunate or the most gifted can hope to attain. The Government of Madras, and, we may fairly say, that of India, is one of the biggest landlords in the whole world, and this work testifies to the devotion and ability required from its subordinates, records truthfully the errors of departed officials, and gives us reason to hope that the present generation will profit by the legacies, whether of failure or success, which it has inherited from men of the calibre of Mr. F. H. Ellis or Mr. Lionel Place.

#### SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.\*

THE fault of these "Adventures" is that there is too much of them. Mr. John Mortimer Murphy writes as if he had been commissioned by all American sportsmen, past, present, and to come, to write a book which should relieve them and the world from the obligation either to tell or to read any more hunting experiences to the end of time. All the American boasts of chase, "the *feræ nature*," as Mr. Murphy calls them with a little grammatical confusion, are marshalled in these pages. They are ticketed and catalogued, each with its proper sprinkling of human incident, as if it would be the most cruel of injustices to omit from the list even a squirrel or a jack rabbit. A result of the excessively methodical plan of Mr. Murphy's work is that the chase seems little more than a stage property required to show off, not the hunter, but the quarry. An adventure is sometimes one of Mr. Murphy's own. Sometimes it is a story picked up by the camp fire or in the Indian wigwam. Sometimes it is a mere extract from a Western newspaper or from a previous book of travels. In every case there is a want of apparent spontaneity. The author appears to have first, as it were, prepared his paper and pen and ink, and to have neatly headed a sheet "The Prairie Wolf" or "The Wapiti." Then he takes down his gun and betakes himself to the wilderness, sure that he will come upon wolf or wapiti, and not by any chance on cougar or buffalo. Yet Mr. Murphy writes with such fulness of information that it is impossible not to profit by it. Whatever beast of chase a sportsman may desire to pursue, he has only to look through Mr. Murphy's table of contents, and he will find how its courage or its cunning may be overcome.

If Mr. Murphy's dispassionate interest in all animals *feræ nature* can ever admit of a prejudice, it would seem to be in favour of the grey wolf. He admits that it is "one of the greatest cowards known." But it is never quite certain when its cowardice will not give way to the pressure of hunger or desperation. This adds an element of curiosity to a wolf-hunt. On the other hand, American wolves, unlike their European kindred, scarcely ever attack a man even when they are in a pack and starving. A drove of pigs will prove more than a match for the sturdiest wolf. Even a mountain ewe has been known by Mr. Murphy to scare a wolf, much as wolves love lamb. Yet wolves have one atoning virtue in a sportsman's eyes. Not merely are they themselves admirable hunters, but they have also all the speed and craft which make it agreeable to hunt them. They show a wonderful tact in choosing cover, and when dislodged will run a burst of ten miles with the hounds after them at their highest speed over "the prairie, which extends over an unbroken line to the horizon like a vast flower-clad meadow." A wolf-hunt Mr. Murphy regards as the American equivalent for a fox-hunt, with the additional pleasure that it is lawful for the sportsman to "practise his revolver on the beast as it runs away." He laments that the Western farmers threaten to spoil the sport by protecting their flocks with strychnine. Wolf-skins, moreover, by their commercial value, have raised up a special profession of "wolfers," who are yet worse enemies of legitimate sport, and who pursue their vocation with such zeal that sometimes scarcely a wolf is left alive in a wide tract of country. That the system is a cruel waste of innocent pastime is Mr. Murphy's evident thought. But, as a man may earn from a hundred to three hundred pounds in a winter and spring expedition, it is not likely that it will become obsolete. Even from other points of view than sport it might be unfortunate were the "wolfers" to extirpate the species too speedily. A wolf has its uses like the dog of Eastern cities. The "pirates of the plains" act also as scavengers, "and clear away the putrefying carcasses of hundreds of animals which, but for them, would make the plains a bed of pestilence." The doubtful praise should be added that the flesh of the wolf is "equal to that of the dog at least in gastronomic qualities." The grey wolf has a cousin—the coyote, or prairie or barking wolf—which, as a scavenger and a beast of chase, seems to be nearly its equal. Its merits for the table Mr. Murphy does not mention. The coyote is the link in natural history between the wolf and the fox. As soon as it knows that it is expected to run, it will run, and to perfection. When it first sees a man, it is not aware of its duty, and is apt to turn round and look him in the face. Only after a couple of shots

\* *Sporting Adventures in the Far West.* By John Mortimer Murphy. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

from a revolver does it seem to say to itself, "That fellow is evidently no friend of mine, so I'll be off to safer quarters." Mr. Murphy feels compelled to tell nature of her mistake, "if she intended the coyote to escape by fleetness," in giving it a bob-tail, which is a regular mud-carrier." At the same time the coyote, bob-tailed though it be, is faster than any fox; and Mr. Murphy has no doubt that the pursuit will be "fashionable in a few years, when gentlemen with sporting proclivities enter the country."

The wolf, grey or prairie, is a disreputable animal, with its rusty coat, its glittering eyes, its sharp teeth, its cowardly heart, and its clever brain. But it is, by reason of its defects as well as its merits, a good stand-by dish in American hunting. The chase can be always taken up or laid down according to the absence or presence of more exciting game. A very different inhabitant of the American wilderness is the bear, grizzly or black. With a bear it is necessary for the sportsman to be on his good behaviour, above all with the grizzly. The grizzly bear is "the monarch in size, strength, and ferocity of the American animal world." Mr. Murphy doubts whether naturalists would have styled the lion the king of beasts had they known much of the grizzly. A creature which Mr. Murphy has known to "kill an elk weighing five or six hundred pounds, and in devouring it to turn it over with the greatest ease," must be more formidable than such lions as Dr. Livingstone has described. A grizzly bear has the usual wild animal's dread of man. It can "crush a man as it would an egg-shell should he ever get locked in its embrace, while it can tear the hide off the thick-skinned buffalo with a sweep of its scimitar-like claws." But, unless annoyed by being interrupted in a meal off its favourite manzanita berries, or half-famished, it shuns a struggle with human beings. The human voice will sometimes send it flying at the moment of attack. A hunter was once seized by a grizzly, and was being dragged by the neck down a deep canyon, when he gave a loud and piercing yell. Forthwith the bear dropped him, and scampered away panic-stricken. Another hunter escaped in a yet more astonishing manner. He had fled from the bear, who cannot climb, into a fir-tree. The bear laid siege, and suddenly the branch on which its prey was seated gave way. The man expected to feel his bones crunching between the grizzly's teeth. But in falling he had lighted on the creature's head. The bear fled in dismay, and never halted till it had reached a place of safety. Mr. Murphy admires the prowess of the grizzly, but he does not approve its moral character. It offends his sense of politeness that "when the male and female are caged together, they indulge in the most unseemly family quarrels, and fight viciously for the least morsel of food." It also afflicts him to confess that "its mode of living is not such as to arouse our sympathy." This huge beast preys on "the most wretched little creatures, such as ants, mice, rats, and squirrels." "Not content with destroying them, it devours their small stores of nuts and roots." Apparently Mr. Murphy thinks such modest tastes incompatible with the rank of an animal which can strike a pair of buffaloes dead right and left with two blows of its monster paws. The grizzly bear is the bear of the mountains. The black bear belongs to the forests. It has one tooth more than the European bear, possessing forty-two. Black bears are so numerous west of the Rocky Mountains that "to kill twenty of them is not considered much." They are not an unworthy match for a man. Mr. Murphy describes a fight with a black bear, in which he received a long and painful wound from the animal's paw. Mr. Murphy sympathized with the sentiments of "Le Conscrit" in Erckmann-Chatrian's novel. "When I saw the blood streaming out I became fairly incensed." He fired his revolver till he had emptied every chamber; "when all the chambers were discharged the animal was lying dead."

The cougar, puma, mountain or California lion, painter, or panther, by whichever of these names one and the same animal may please to be known, is very inferior to the grizzly bear in size; but its agility, cunning, and capacity for working itself into a rage render it equally dreaded by Indians. It has the habit of uttering a specially appalling scream. Man it seldom attacks, unless provoked. Mr. Murphy has indeed heard that a cougar in a wild state will sometimes offer to play with human beings. A farmer in Washington Territory was walking along a high road bounded by forest when he felt something touch his leg. Looking down he saw a huge cougar. The cougar rubbed its head against him and purred pleasantly. For a mile or so this went on, the beast occasionally plunging into the woods, then reappearing and "colliding with his legs so vigorously that he feared sometimes he would be knocked down." It began to get weary after a while of the gambolling and kept closer to him; its tail also began to swing suspiciously from side to side; and its loud purring was occasionally transformed into a blood-curdling scream." At length in despair he "gave a loud and prolonged yell, in which there was more of fear than defiance." The cougar startled, "fled into the woods terror-stricken and disappeared like magic in the shrubbery." The lynx belongs to the same feline tribe, and is so like the cat that it is often confused with it. But Mr. Murphy indicates many differences between them—among others, that the cat has thirty teeth, and the lynx only twenty-eight. He ridicules the stories of its attacks on men. An animal can scarcely be dangerous to anything larger than a bird or small quadruped which "one good blow on its back with a walking-stick will kill immediately." The worst "a wounded catamount can do is to turn and give a severe scratching; and few experienced hunters care for such trifles."

If a sportsman prefers the chase of more peaceable animals to

the beasts of prey he has only to signify his predilection, and Mr. Murphy can fit him with the very creature for his taste. He may select from the buffalo, the moose, the wapiti, a dozen sorts of deer, the pronghorn, the mountain goat, the bighorn, the hare and the rabbit, the raccoon, the opossum, and the squirrel. The bison, or American buffalo, in the herd is a match sometimes for the grizzly bear, whose ribs it will shatter. There is, moreover, a kind of chivalry in the buffalo. It will not only charge a pack of wolves in defence of a chased calf, but Mr. Murphy has himself seen "a bull come to the aid of a wounded cow that was being pursued by a horseman, run with her for a mile or two, and change sides whenever the pursuer did, as if he would guard her from all danger." Yet, brave and strong as is the buffalo on an emergency, Mr. Murphy declares that "the wild bull—that is, the domestic species run wild—can defeat any two buffaloes in ten minutes." He has, too, a low opinion of buffalo meat in comparison with butcher's meat. Even the tongue and the hump "cannot compare in succulency, flavour, or nutritive qualities with a good beef-steak." The Indian loves it because he knows nothing better. To him the buffalo "is house, food, clothing, and fire. Its flesh furnishes him with food; its skin with wigwams, lariats, reins, robes, and raiment; its dung with fire; and its bones often with arrow-tips and other implements of the chase." Mr. Murphy regards the moose as "the monarch of the cervidae." He thinks it ought to be stalked or "called." To kill it by running it into a snowdrift he decries as "merely taking advantage of the animal's inability to travel in deep snow, and then assassinating it." We are not sure that to take aim from behind a tree at a pair of bulls fighting with antlers locked, as Mr. Murphy boasts of having done, would receive from a moose any nobler name. A moose's view is not Mr. Murphy's. He holds that "to hunt moose successfully requires the display of the highest qualities of an Indian Nimrod, cautiousness, patience, perseverance, endurance, acuteness of vision, and a knowledge of woodcraft and the habits of animals." If Mr. Murphy, however, exhausts himself in admiration of the successful moose hunter, he admires equally the elk or wapiti for its own qualities. He has watched an elk fighting with a big black bear, and leaving it, after two or three charges with its horns, dead on the ground. "Stamping upon it two or three times with one of his forelegs, he gave a snort and a defiant look all round as if seeking for new foes, and finding none, he gazed once more on the slain, then trotted off into the damp dense forest." Mr. Murphy could have shot him easily; but, we are glad to read, forbore out of sheer admiration.

We have no space to quote from Mr. Murphy's accounts of the agile mule deer, the antelope, or pronghorn, "a very interesting animal"; the wild goat, of which, from its irregular bounds, it is harder to kill one than five deer; or the bighorn or mountain-sheep, on which, with the feats of its gnarled horns and speed and caution, there has been something of a run in recent books of American adventure. Still less can we follow him into his anecdotes of foxes, which to the Western farmer are no more than poultry thieves with a valuable coat; of hares, uneatable sage rabbits, or even raccoons, though even heaven must, according to a negro poacher, be sweet indeed to be sweeter than "a coon stew or cabbage biled wid a hog's backbone"; or, lastly, of squirrels, notwithstanding that Mr. Murphy has "spent some pleasant hours in shooting them with arrows." We can merely refer to his stories of the most unmanageable of all the wild creatures of the American Continent. Mr. Murphy has all the Western pioneer's hatred of the Indian, and has for months at a time risked his scalp in combating him. Wherever he has been hunting there has always been brooding over the camp or homestead the terror of an Indian foray. He may have been chasing buffalo, or wolves, or deer, or bighorns; there is a possibility ever present that, according to the local peasantry, the company of whites may not be able to scratch their heads by evening. Massacre and fire and mutilation are the universal incidents of such incursions. Sex and age are not spared, and so horrible are the tortures that men pledge their companions to shoot them if incapacitated by wounds for escape. For the Indian marauders the only penalty, according to Mr. Murphy, is that they are liable to be stopped in their expeditions by United States cavalry. They are then sent back to their reservation to exult in their rapine and to enjoy the provision which a Government—of which we imagine Mr. Murphy exaggerates the paternal forethought—has made for them. Possibly an Indian might draw a somewhat different picture of the merits, at all events, of the original quarrel. Though the loathsome atrocities which mark his war trail show that human nature may be degraded far below brute nature, he might be able to prove that his attacks upon peaceable sportsmen are in themselves only a retort to high-handed and contemptuous encroachments upon his recognized territory. Mr. Murphy sees only one side of the quarrel. Yet in describing the nightly laments of a widowed squaw over her dead husband in the solitary woods and the abandonment of aged Indians, man and woman, to perish of hunger in the deserted camp but for the charity of the passing white man and the equally tender mercies of a forest fire, he has reached a high pitch of pathos.

Among other interesting features of the volume the reader will be struck by the shrewdness of the general advice which Mr. Murphy draws out of his own experience for the benefit of novices. Above all, he counsels intending sportsmen to make up their minds to treat their local guides and helpers as comrades—that is, in the local language, not to "put on lugs." It may be a venial error for a stranger sportsman not to carry a flask; it is



an unpardonable sin never to offer to share its contents with the followers of the hunting camp. A second excellent suggestion, and one only too much needed, is that "every sportsman ought to have some knowledge of woodcraft and the animals he wishes to hunt." Lastly, it is by no means a superfluous warning to inexperienced sportsmen that they should "make themselves as comfortable as they can." This does not necessarily argue Sybarite luxury, to judge from Mr. Murphy's narrative, even if the adventurer be not scalped by Sioux braves, lost in the wilderness, impaled on an elk's horns, eviscerated by a bison, bitten by a rattlesnake, scratched to tatters by a puma, skin-poisoned by a corpse-eating coyote, or hugged to death by a grizzly bear.

#### HOLMES'S VOCAL PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.\*

THERE is ample scope for a work bringing to bear upon the practical treatment and cultivation of the voice the advances made of late in the scientific development both of physiology and of acoustics. Analysis and experiment combined have given all but a new basis to the theory of sonorous vibrations, or the laws of sound, whilst a fresh point of departure has been taken for the anatomy and the functional investigation of the vocal organs through the invention of the laryngoscope. Much that remained conjectural or empirical in each of these departments of knowledge has been brought to the test of positive proof or verified by experimental observation of nature. The aid of articulating instruments has been called in to supplement the earlier investigation of the action of the human voice, the most recent of these appliances having been found in the phonograph, which but for its use in this direction would have been likely to remain, as it appeared at first, no more than an ingenious philosophical toy.

In a volume on "Vocal Physiology and Hygiene" Mr. Gordon Holmes has condensed into little more than two hundred and fifty pages a great deal of matter illustrative of these recent gains to science, with especial reference to the cultivation and preservation of the voice. His object in writing it is to furnish persons who make an artistic or professional use of the vocal organs with a concise, but fairly full, account of such scientific relations of the voice, physical and medical, as are too often passed over altogether, or but cursorily referred to, in treatises on elocution and singing. Works on the physiology of voice-production and the hygienic aspects of vocal exercise being comparatively rare in English literature, and no recent treatise on either subject being available, Mr. Holmes is led to hope that some portions of the present work may prove of interest to the medical profession. He has evidently qualified himself for the study by researches into the phenomena and the abstract theory of sound, which lie outside the pale of ordinary medical education. His opening chapters show, moreover, that he has entered widely and with careful study into the historical aspect of his subject. In a review of the origin and progress of vocal cultivation he has brought together a great deal of curious learning illustrative of the subject from the earliest times. Passing over, as beyond the scope of so limited a work, such transcendental questions as the origin of speech or the first conscious use of the musical faculty, he sets forth instructively the high place held in early civilization by the training of the vocal organs. Upon the functions of the *phonascus* at Athens, as extending to the cultivation of the voice both for speech and song, he dwells with especial emphasis. Whatever school might hold for awhile the popular ear in music and the drama, whether Isocrates or Aristotle held sway in rhetorical teaching and practice, a common and indispensable foundation was laid for excellence in either art in systematic physical exercise of the organs of speech:—

Distinct from the duties of the rhetoricians were those of a functionary termed the *phonascus* or voice-trainer. The sphere of this professional seems to have extended to the cultivation of the voice both for speech and song, but from a purely physical point of view. It is probable, indeed, that all respectable youths took lessons from such a master, as the Athenians were excessively attentive to accent and tone of voice, and altered the "ss" to "t" in their words, from a dislike to the hissing sound of the former. The *phonascus* taught his pupils the most refined mode of pronunciation, the proper modulations and inflections of the voice, and superintended classes in the daily practice of systematic exercises. Such exercises were undertaken in the morning, when fasting, as a belief prevailed that the voice would be injured if exerted after eating. The object of the voice-practice was to soften the natural asperities of the vocal organs, or to strengthen the chest and throat by reciting or singing verses to a kind of scale. The pupils were required to have their verses, preferably epic or iambic, off by heart, and manuals containing extracts suitable for the purpose were published. When about to recite, they commenced gradually by repeating detached sentences of the verses at short intervals, during which they walked about. Afterwards they proceeded to declamation or vociferation, as it was called, at first on the bass notes, making the voice descend as low as possible. Then the tones were raised in a measured manner until the highest pitch was reached, whence a gradual descent was made back again to the gravest notes. For a singing exercise the practice must have been very similar, but the chief efforts appear to have been put forth in order to reach and sustain high notes.

The copious and varied sources to which Mr. Holmes has turned for his authorities sufficiently attest the pains he has taken with this part of his subject. In addition to classical notices of music

and the drama, with many a curious reference to primitive medical practice as applied to the hygiene of the voice, by way of emollient or tonic potions or medicaments, he has carried on his researches into mediæval times. As the new fabric of Christendom was gradually reared on the wreck of all pagan institutions, the faculties which found vent in eloquence and song combined once more under a new phase. The cultivation of oratory in the early Church, the development of ecclesiastical music, the revival of the dramatic element in the purer or severer form of mysteries, miracle plays, and Scriptural episodes—the parents in one direction of the modern oratorio, in the other of the opera—come here under discussion. From an analytical point of view, the two faculties of voice, speech and song, have to be distinguished. In the first of these our author traces the influence of reason, in the latter of emotion. In the utterances of the speaker, the voice acting as the direct, spontaneous agent of the brain, sound has a secondary office as a thought-bearer, flowing like a river crowded with nascent ideas from the brain. In the tones of the singer, blended as they are with speech, we listen to the voice as an acoustic influence attracting us by its physical character, its infinite qualities of pitch and harmony, its vibrations in the chambers of the ear, flooding the brain with emotional sensibilities. Even without the words being distinctly heard, there remains an underflow of musical language whereby the voice conveys ideas and emotions at once to the intelligence and the heart.

From the definition of sound in the abstract, its transmission through various media, the measurement of sonorous waves, and the phenomena of sympathetic resonance, Mr. Holmes passes on to the aural estimation of sound, or the power of distinguishing intervals of pitch, force or intensity, and timbre, the three qualities which are especially observable in musical tones. Valuable use is here to be made of recent instrumental aids to investigation, such as tubes or reeds, the siren, and the articulating or sound-measuring apparatus of Helmholtz, Donders, and others. Of these the laryngoscope has made the most decisive step forwards in the scientific analysis of the phenomena of sound, rendering baseless many of the most plausible conjectures as well of anatomic as of acoustic science in their empirical stage. A summary of a few pages is made to comprise a survey of pre-laryngoscopic theories, in which is set forth the progress of the anatomy or physiology of the vocal organs, from the first crude ideas of Hippocrates to the ingenious and exhaustive experiments of Müller, with the aid of the natural detached larynx and artificial imitations of it. Müller's researches left little to be done by subsequent experimentalists, until Manuel Garcia, the eminent professor of singing, and father of Malibran, was led, by catching sight of his own vocal bands in a small dentist's mirror, to a series of investigations with the same instrument, the results of which he embodied in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1855. Two years later Czermak, a German medical professor, taking up Garcia's device, entered upon a systematic practice throughout the principal cities of Europe, demonstrating the value of the laryngoscope as an indispensable adjunct to the study of local disease or to scientific observations of the organs of sound. The action of the living larynx being thus brought under view, a number of errors based upon the anatomy of the dead organ, as well as upon defective principles of physiology, or acoustics at large, were at once set at rest. Amongst these Mr. Holmes points to the supposition of Colombat de l'Isère, that the falsetto voice is produced by the formation of a new glottis above the larynx; that of Raimier that the musical tones of the voice are formed at the bifurcation of the trachea, as in birds; or that of Illingworth, that the falsetto notes are produced by blowing into the ventricles of the larynx, as a hollow nut blown into makes a whistle. From closer study of the laryngeal muscles in action, illustrated by clearly drawn diagrams, he is enabled to trace distinctly the change of mechanism brought into play the moment the voice is required to ascend above the highest note of the chest register. Setting aside Helmholtz's suggestion that the head (falsetto) voice is produced by drawing aside the mucous coat below the vocal cords, thus rendering their edge sharper, he thinks it on the whole most in accordance with observed facts that the falsetto range is produced by a strictly sphincter-like action of all the constrictive glottic muscles, the effect being a progressive concentric narrowing of the glottis, during which it passes from an elliptic to a circular shape. The vocal aperture may be seen, until it reaches the circular form, to diminish in length and increase in breadth with the ascent in scale, the elevation of pitch proceeding *cæteris paribus* until the reduction of the opening to a mere pinhole. These changes are admirably illustrated by means of the woodcuts interspersed among Mr. Holmes's pages, the larynx being shown in the first instance during quiet breathing, next when sounding a note about the level of the ordinary speaking voice, and thirdly, during the emission of falsetto notes; the middle of the vocal range being chosen for illustration, inasmuch as towards the higher limit of phonation the orifice becomes all but lost to sight. At a certain elevation of pitch, which of course varies indefinitely in different persons, the power of ascending higher is lost. Instances are given by Mr. Holmes of the remarkable development of the voice in this register, chiefly by female singers, some attaining a pitch as much as an octave above the usual limits of voice. Mara, we are told, could sing up to *e''*, Catalani to *g'''*, and Agnari, as testified by Mozart, to *c'''*. A range of five octaves has thus been found attainable by a specially gifted singer, whilst a male voice has been known capable of descending as low

\* *A Treatise on Vocal Physiology and Hygiene, with especial reference to the Cultivation and Preservation of the Voice.* By Gordon Holmes, L.R.C.P., Edin., Physician to the Municipal Throat and Ear Infirmary, &c. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1879.

as F. A diagram makes clear at a glance the comparative scale of different classes of voice, with their corresponding notation in the Anglo-German and in the French systems, the vibrational numbers belonging to each note being given in the so-called natural scale, which assumes the lowest sound audible as a musical note to have ten vibrations a second, excluding fractions.

In his chapter on the compass of the voice as dependent upon the natural structure and artificial cultivation of the resonance apparatus, our author shows what has been done by means of articulating instruments of various degrees of ingenuity to illustrate or to imitate the mechanism of voice production. The latest appliances of Wheatstone, Donders, and Helmholtz have done much towards fixing scientifically the laws of vocalization in relation both to musical and spoken sound. Mr. Holmes sums up briefly the chief results of analysis thus aimed at, as applied in the first instance to vowels, simple and double (diphthongs); next to consonants, which, as their name implies, can be sounded only in conjunction with a vowel. On acoustic considerations these composite sounds can be classified as explosives, aspirates, resonants, and sibilants, whilst on anatomical grounds they are familiarly arranged as labials, dentals, and gutturals. To these principles of division a third characteristic is added by our author, which admits of their being distinguished as "breathed" or "voiced." The resonants, for example, are all voiced. Of the explosives, P, T, and K are breathed; B, D, C are voiced. Of the aspirates, F, S, L, Sh, Th (hard Greek  $\theta$ ), Ch (German, Greek  $\chi$ ) are breathed, and V, Z, J, Th (soft), Y (beginning a word) are voiced. There remains the whisper, in which the vocal reeds are approximated, so as to produce a wind-rush, which Mr. Holmes compares to the *spiritus asper* continued indefinitely. Laryngeal tone being here lost, the distinction between breathed and voiced consonants disappears, and B becomes P, D becomes T, &c. But in vowels the pitch may yet be recognized of the note to which the mouth is tuned, articulation being carried on in the same way as in sonorous phonation.

The last two chapters are occupied with the practical physiology and hygiene of the voice, containing many useful rules for the management of the organs in reference to the motor element (inspiration), the vibratory element (vocal reeds, for extension, force, and timbre), and the apparatus for resonance and articulation. Proper vocal gymnastics will do much to give power and breadth to the register, avoiding unnatural and injurious strain upon the delicate reeds and muscles of the throat, and ensuring against premature exhaustion and decay. Here the science of the physician comes in to second the art of musical and oratorical training. Some sensible remarks will be found upon the treatment of stammering and stuttering. Beyond the general rules conducive to healthy living and to the development of the organs of action and sense, many judicious precepts are given for husbanding, invigorating, and refining the vocal powers. On the other hand, striking instances are supplied of the beneficial reaction of regular vocal exercise upon the animal economy. Professional singers are, as a class, observed to be exceptionally free from consumption. The regular rhythmical action of the voice in singing or recitation sets in healthy exercise the whole range of the mucous surfaces, tending to promote digestion and excretion. "Si quis stomacho laborat legat clare" is a salutary though wellnigh forgotten maxim of old physicians. Of the multitudinous voice remedies in vogue Mr. Holmes has but a poor opinion. The traditional glass of cold water—above all, when iced—he wholly condemns, preferring the French *eau sucrée*, or water mixed with gum, rice, whey, or milk. The tragicant draught of the ancient Sophists is tolerated, and we infer that Mr. Gladstone may be allowed his orange, albeit gelatinous or gummy fruits of all kinds and bonbons are to be avoided. An amusing note from a Vienna paper is quoted, enumerating the queer and fanciful recipes in use among opera singers of distinction to keep their voices in good order, varying from salted cucumbers to the "brown juice of gambrinus," a pinch of snuff with a drink of lemonade, and Malibran's well-known pot of porter. The work is marked by sound sense throughout, and may be read with pleasure no less than profit.

#### SISTER.\*

MEN, according to the poet, were deceivers ever. In *Sister*, a little novel which has no sins of commission, the deceitfulness of man is impressed very forcibly on the minds of the fair. The book also contains portraits of two good girls and one wise girl, and has the merit of making its readers apply moral ideas to the conduct of life. As to do this is to be a poet (if Mr. Matthew Arnold is right), *Sister* is a novel which makes poets of us all. There is not very much to be said about the plot, or the dialogue, or the situations in this story. *Sister* is what may be called a "chronicle" novel. The author follows the course even of minute events with infinite care. She introduces us to the society of a place called Westport, in which local goossips will look in vain, she hopes, for any real city. She has studied the map of England—a large map, like those which Lord Salisbury justly prefers—and she has found no Westport on the south coast. Thus she trusts to avoid those charges of making personal allusions which are brought against M. Daudet and some other novelists. In her visionary Westport she feels that she has free scope for her fancy.

\* *Sister*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1879.

She omits no dance, no luncheon-party, no horse-show even, which diverted the rather gay people of this trading and garrison town. She follows these events with anxious attention, and we could almost draw up a list of the more important annual engagements which amuse the young ladies of Westport.

Three or four of these young ladies are the heroines of this novel. It is their unlucky social position which has caused us to apply moral ideas to the conduct of life. The Miss Andersons were all pretty, all young, and all good girls. Their father was a shady half-pay captain, who drank too much, played billiards too much, and had been too careless in his use of other people's money. The mother had been a very different kind of person. Mrs. Anderson, in her youth, had enjoyed the friendship of a lady who belonged to one of the county families. She was not the rose, but she had lived in the neighbourhood of that blossom. People who do not dwell in Westport have little idea of the enormous importance attached to Mrs. Anderson's friendship with an old lady of good family. It almost neutralized the disastrous social influence of Captain Armstrong and his cracked reputation. Mrs. Anderson brought up her eldest daughter Jane to be a woman of pure and refined character, no garrison flirt, not noisy, not a gossip. But in consequence of an accident the mother's health, and even her reason, gave way, and when the story opens Jane is a constant attendant on her mother, and at the same time has to play the part of guardian to the three younger girls, Sophy and Josephine, who have just "come out," and Sarah, who is still a child. Add to these duties Jane's attachment to a certain Mr. Campbell of the 200th, whom she is unable to marry because she cannot leave her mother and sisters, and the misfortune of her position will be apparent. The moral problems, too, will begin to pose themselves. What, in circumstances like these, is the precise value of self-sacrifice? How far is it the best plan to accept things as you find them, and decline on a low level of social consideration, on a low level of refinement, if a higher is out of reach? Jane could not leave her invalid mother, it will be allowed, but need she have dismissed Mr. Campbell? If she had consented to become engaged formally to him, the engagement would have been a long one, and long engagements are almost the worst of the evils which flew out of Pandora's box. This seems to have been an affair which could hardly run smooth, though it is antecedently improbable that it would have ended in the manner invented by the author. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the excellent Jane did well in attaching so much importance to refinement as she did, and in being what people call "exclusive." There were the usual gradations of rank at Westport; the girls' natural place would have been that of garrison belles. It is a miserable position, though in early life it may have some attractions. One unlucky Miss Anderson suffered most of its miseries without ceasing to be a lady. She was engaged to a young member of a "county family," named Clifford, and the history of her unfortunate love makes the chief interest of the chronicle. Of course Clifford's father would not allow him to marry Captain Anderson's daughter, and Sophy would not have married Clifford without that consent. Here love again found himself in an *impasse*. If the young people could not marry, or give each other up, they must wait. The usual end of the waiting in novels came. Charlie Clifford grew tired, broke his faith, and suffered agonies of remorse, while Sophy nearly died of a broken heart.

Here is abundance of agony of a sort that is very common. The philosopher cannot but perceive that the right plan was for the young people to give each other up when marriage was plainly next to impossible. And yet this renunciation is always found to be no less impossible. One or other party to the engagement may be a philosopher, but they are never both philosophers. Then the truly wise lover or lady cannot successfully point out the stoical and sensible solution of the difficulty to the other passionate creature. To do so would be thought cold-blooded and priggish. Thus in the most important affair of life modern society has made wisdom a mean and cowardly thing, so that there may never be lack of misery and of materials for the novelist. Contemplating this agitation of the mind and these strifes of duty and passion, the mature or married man or woman feels much consolation. Life between twenty and thirty, the life of young people as displayed in novels, seems like the struggles of insects, bees, wasps, and butterflies, who have fallen into a honey-pot. They expected to enjoy themselves, they have made a great blunder, they are in a terrible flutter, and in ten years or so it will all be over. The spectacle, to the feeling heart, is not a little painful. Our sympathy with the entangled creatures is not all disinterested, for we have all been in the honey-pot ourselves, and left something there that we miss, were it but the bloom on the butterfly wings of the soul.

Beyond displaying three sets of human beings caught in uncomfortable fetters, the story of *Sister* has little interest. By way of making the characters more uncomfortable, Jane's devotion to her family is ill rewarded. Her Major Campbell returns from India at the great age of thirty-five, but still a hale old man. In his affectionate eyes Jane has lost none of her beauty; he therefore falls in love with, and, at her unselfish suggestion, marries, her younger sister, Sarah. He too, like Charlie Clifford, is a betrayer, and that at an age when the passions and temptations of youth might have seemed things forgotten in the distant past. The author's intention is, of course, to exalt the self-sacrifice of Jane, and perhaps she had no wish to depress her readers and make them feel weary of the world. That, however, is the effect produced on the sensible heart by these betrayals and disappointments.



The story of *Sister* is not wholly without relief. The sagacity and prudence of Josephine is in capital contrast to the virtuous altruism of her relations. This young lady expresses her philosophy thus:—

"Sentiment is a luxury as entirely beyond our means as a coach-and-four or point lace. There are two objects which we ought to set before us:—to leave Westport as soon as we can, and to avoid being talked of while we remain here. Charlie would have been a perfect lover for the Miss Fanshaws or the Miss Stepneys, who could afford to wait for him, and who are backed by a whole clan of friends and relations to take their part and talk down scandal; but he was too expensive a luxury for Sophy,—don't you see,—like the coach-and-four or the point lace."

"There is something in what you say, certainly," said Jane gravely. "But you are sadly wise, my Phenny, for your years. How long have you held such a grim philosophy?"

"Well," returned Josephine reflectively, "I think I was about fourteen when I first began to take in the fact that we were parias—'Strong?' no, I don't think the word is too strong. Just consider. Here are you, Jane,—I do believe the very best girl in the whole world, and handsome as well; here is Sophy—can anything be lovelier and sweeter and more charming? Here am I, not a fool, and not quite a fright, though I am not nearly as good-looking as the rest of us. And no one can say with justice a word against us. Judge then, how heavily weighted we must be, when none of these advantages do us any good, or alter our social position in the least."

Josephine carried her wisdom into practice, and not only married a rich elderly Radical politician, but herself arranged that a respectable income should be strictly settled on her. And yet this part of the narrative is so well managed that Josephine does not seem sordid, only sagacious. Her family was so unlucky that the reader sympathizes with her when she puts her future out of danger.

The author of *Sister* has a good deal of humour, which finds plenty of room for display in the description of Westport and its "exclusive circles." She has tenderness and pathos, which are never hysterical. There is not a flippant turn, nor a blot of bad taste, we believe, in the whole book. The description of a contested election, though clever and unstrained, is perhaps too obviously padding. The chief fault in the construction of the book (next to the eccentric conduct of that mere lay-figure Major Campbell) is the unbroken style of narrative, which closely follows every event. Here is an example of this too simple method:—

Luncheon being over, prolonged by much pleasant talk, they went to business, and Mrs. Freeman proceeded seriously to review her forces and their capabilities. She had several musical friends who were fair performers, and she hoped to get up some concerted music in a creditable style. Besides the principal executants, she had several volunteers among the swarm of young naval officers who were her devoted slaves, and who, whatever their skill might be, assuredly lacked not zeal in her service. She resolved to have two or three lively simple choruses for "the boys," as she classed this division of her company; and as she wished her party to take place in the first week of the New Year, and Christmas was now fast approaching, there would not be too much time for the rehearsals necessary to enable so many amateurs, as she said, to pull together. They resolved, therefore, not to be too ambitious in the choice of music for this occasion, hoping, if all went well, to rise to higher flights hereafter.

These various considerations made the selection a matter of some difficulty, and the short winter afternoon was soon over. Sophy's maid had been once announced, and dismissed with the message that Miss Sophy should be sent home; and at last, after much discussion, and then tea, and then more pleasant talk, Sophy was obliged to ask that a cab might be sent for. More last words, and Mrs. Freeman, kissing her affectionately and telling her that she had been invaluable, added significantly, "And if I knew where John Campbell is stationed, I would certainly write and thank him."

There is too much chronicling of small beer in *Sister*, a story which depresses, perhaps, but certainly never offends the student of fiction.

#### WEBB'S CIVIL WAR IN HEREFORDSHIRE.\*

THE historian of the Civil War in Herefordshire, though not a native, devoted the active years of an unusually long life, as well as the observant scrutiny and the power of sifting evidence and comparing sites which distinguish the historian, to the thorough study of his adopted county, in every point of view, and in special connexion with the theme of his *opus magnum*. He not only saw for himself all the localities which have earned a name by the part they played in the struggle between Charles and his Parliament, and cultivated the acquaintance of the ablest of the descendants of Herefordshire worthies having ancestral traditions or memorials of that eventful period, but he obviously gleaned curious illustrations of his subject from the memories of the rustic natives—a race proverbially averse to change, and, though uninquisitive, apt to treasure the traditions and tales of their fathers. In an opening chapter giving a sketch of Herefordshire as it was at the beginning of the seventeenth century—its geographical isolation, its pastoral and agricultural people, its sorry roads, its universal cousinship among the gentry, the healthy, contented abidance of its poor in their old ways and their attachment to the soil and its owners—no one acquainted with the county can fail to note the insight of a shrewd critical observer. In such a county it was natural that a loyal clergy, a clannish gentry,

an attached tenantry and peasantry should be found mainly siding with the cause of monarchical institutions; and though, as Mr. Webb shows, there were some, like Baskerville of Canon Pion, who "shifted sides, or hung fire in indecision, as Arabs are said to be seen waiting at a distance, spectators of an engagement, that they may join with the victors when the danger is past," this is not a reproach which history can fairly throw at the heads of Herefordshire society in general. Not only the numerous Roman Catholic squires, from their devotion to a sovereign who had wedded a daughter of their Church, but also such leaders as Lord Scudamore, Sir William Croft, Sir Walter Pye, the Coningsbys, Rudhalls, and Lingens, threw life and substance gallantly into the struggle on the King's behalf. It is true that on the other side a tower of strength was the stern and consistent Puritan, Sir Robert Harley, a scholar and man of letters, but a conscientious iconoclast; and it shows the fairness of our historian that he regards with a generous sympathy the ills which befel his castle of Brampton Bryan after its heroic defence by Lady Brilliana Harley in 1643, and his later sufferings at the hand of Cromwell and his own party. Both the original author of these Memorials and the son who has discharged with hereditary ability and indefatigable zeal and patience the task of editing and completing the volumes before us adhere throughout to an even-handed justice, which is the more remarkable as their bias towards the Royalist party is patent and undisguised. The spirit in which the book is written is well indicated in a passage where, after a survey of the conflicting views and arguments of King and Parliament, just before the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham, the author sums up as follows:—

Many and tedious were the attacks and vindications published on either side respecting these armaments; so that a writer who sits down with a determination to follow his own partialities might find enough in the controversial productions of the day, if advocacy were the province of an historian, to make his own appear the better cause. Baxter, with as much candour as might be expected from one who had enthusiastically adopted the opinions of the House, in his "Autobiography" runs out into copious statements of the motives by which the determinations of the opposite actors were swayed. But without entering into the abstract question, which would be foreign to the limited nature of this subject, let what passed in the Parliament, as briefly related, be sufficient to show somewhat of their designs and methods who determined to encounter the King in battle; while what has been adduced on the other hand may more than suffice to convey the general opinions of such as, with the leading men of Herefordshire, stood up against them. In all such questions it is well known that a great portion of the community act merely upon a watch-word, leave others to decide for them, and hardly trouble themselves to reflect at all.

Did our space suffice, it would be easy to show with what eminent fairness the steps which precipitated the Civil War—i.e. the illegal modes of raising supplies, the King's attempt to arrest Hampden, Pym, Haselrig, and others, the impeachment of the Bishops, and so forth—are discussed by our historian; as also the measures taken, whether by King or Parliament, in order to be beforehand in the preparations for what all men saw was coming. The Parliament, it is shown, took the lead in laying hands on the militia; for their ordinance to this effect preceded by some weeks the King's Commission of Array. They acted in the same direction in placing the magazines of each shire in the hands of such Lords-Lieutenant as they could trust, and also when they resolved, on the 20th of May, 1642, that whose should assist the King in making war upon the Parliament was a "traitor," and ought to suffer as such. Meanwhile, with the exception of Harley, the representatives of Herefordshire were staunch to the Royal cause; and the temper of the county is seen in the lofty Cavalier tone and caustic style of the Herefordshire declaration attributed to the so-called *Nine Worthies*, the publishers of which were committed to Newgate by a resolution of the House. When the Royal standard was set up, the contending armies came to what was their earliest encounter of any note in an affair of cavalry on Powick Ham, between the village and bridge of that name near Worcester. Here, though Nathaniel Fiennes, with his brother and Sandys and an "advance-guard" sent on by the Lord General Essex, may be said to have taken the King's nephews Rupert and Maurice by surprise, it was well seen what "vivida virtus" could do in Rupert's inspiring example and irresistible battle-shock, which resulted in a headlong flight and a fierce and prolonged pursuit by one whose name has become a proverb for any form of impetuous dash. As, however, Essex was at hand with his main body, and the Powick fight had been but a brush of cavalry, Worcester was entered on the morrow by the Lord General as a victor, where Colonel Edward Sandys lay dying of wounds received at Powick, and, as Rupert's chaplain declared, penitent for disloyalty to his King, while godly Obadiah Sedgwick, chaplain of a Puritan regiment, claimed him (who had recently directed his troops in the spoliation of Canterbury Cathedral) as a martyr for liberty of conscience and a destroyer of the worshippers of Baal. Just a month after the fight at Powick came the indecisive battle of Edgehill, near Keinton, in Warwickshire, where the King realized the staunchness "of the only man in England he feared," and who, for words uttered against the Duke of Buckingham, had long lain in the cold shade of court disfavour—Sir William Croft, of Croft Castle, Herefordshire. There, too, the King set at one a father and son of the family of Scrope, between whom the party spirit of the times had caused a difference, whilst the Crofts and Coningsbys laid aside family rivalries for the service of their king and master. "Such indeed," is Mr. Webb's reflection, "was the pressure that it had been sufficient to have suspended private discords even in those of baser mould; as creatures

\* *Memorials of the Civil War between Charles I. and the Parliament of England, as it affected Herefordshire and the adjacent Counties.* By the late Rev. John Webb, M.A. F.S.A. F.R.S.L., Rector of Tretire. Edited and completed by the Rev. J. W. Webb, Vicar of Hardwick, Herefordshire. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1879.

naturally hostile to each other are known to herd together in mutual forbearance upon the plot of dry land, around which the inundation of a mighty stream is raging."

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Webb through the general history of the war, as we are here concerned only with events directly associated with Herefordshire or its adjacent counties. It was about the time of the battle of Edgehill that the Parliamentarian general, the Earl of Stamford, occupied the city of Hereford unresisted, with a regiment of foot and two troops of cavalry, and lying newsletters and pamphlets of the period indulged in fabulous exaggerations of pitched battles fought on his route thither. In truth, however, the most considerable exploit of this somewhat faint commander was to occupy Goodrich Castle, and acquire there and elsewhere the name of a plunderer, though Mr. Webb gives in his eighth chapter a curious account of what was really a dashing exploit of an emissary of Lord Stamford, Fleming, Kyrle's lieutenant—namely, the capture by sixty picked men of a party of eminent royalists, met in council in the town of Presteign. The captors sustained no loss; but the tale of prisoners included several of note—among them the recently expelled member, Charles Price, and the Clerk of the Peace, at whose house they were met. As the Earl had, on coming to Hereford, cleared the prisons of debtors and felons and substituted for them Roman Catholics and others, presumably disaffected, we gather the reason why Stamford was directed by the Parliament to send these prisoners to Gloucester, and Riccards, the Clerk of the Peace, to Coventry. But these were all the fruits of Lord Stamford's governorship, and after exhausting forced subsidies and applying vainly for redress from the Lord General's military chest for his complaints of "no money, no credit, no bread, no provender," he first evacuated Goodrich and then Hereford, on the 13th of December, leaving Massey, a leader of other mould, with his infantry, at Gloucester, and himself pushing on with the horse to Bristol. On the 20th of December the King or the Marquess of Hertford appointed Fitzwilliam Coningsby governor, and the loyal part of the city and neighbourhood enjoyed rest and tranquillity till the middle of April, when the two Roundhead leaders, Waller and Massey, recovered the city by a disguised assault, which some in the Court at Oxford attributed to treachery on the part of Sir Richard Cave, though a council of war, presided over by Rupert, honourably acquitted him. By this sudden blow Lord Scudamore, his son James, and Humphrey Coningsby, the members, with other men of note, were made prisoners; but Waller soon abandoned Hereford, apparently eager for more active work, and, as the historian notes here and elsewhere, less addicted to plunder and self-seeking than either the bold Rupert on the other side or such soldiers as Colonel Birch on his own. When next we hear of Hereford a gallant soldier, Sir W.avasour, holds it for the King, with the assistance of the new sheriff, Harry Lingen—not however so as to prove a match for Massey, the Governor of Gloucester, whose dashing surprises in the directions of Ledbury, Monmouth, Dean Forest, and South Wales found ample work for Vavasour, Lingen, and the gallant Irish officer Myrnes, who in the early part of 1644 superseded the former as governor. But Myrnes's career was cut short in an encounter with Massey at Redmarley; and, though the rapid and successful march of Charles from Oxford dissipated "the Scotch mist" under the Earl of Leven, and raised the siege which had been courageously repelled by the famous Barnabas Scudamore, the place soon after fell, through the combination of the self-seeking Birch and the affronted Brydges of Wilton, and was sold for filthy lucre, in the issue somewhat ingloriously.

So much for the vicissitudes of one city in four eventful years. Meanwhile lesser garrisons and fortresses were subjected to like various fortune. So long as female heroism retains generous appreciation, Lady Brilliana Harley's defence of Brampton Bryan will be remembered in the romantic annals of the Civil War. It surrendered at last in the April of 1644 to Sir Michael Woodhouse, whom Rupert had placed in charge of Ludlow Castle, designing him for the reduction, among other small and troublesome garrisons, of Brampton and Hopton Castle, four miles or thereabouts apart. The last-named fortress, held by Samuel More, of Linley, fell first, and its scanty garrison, who had surrendered trusting to Colonel Woodhouse's mercy, were cruelly massacred, just as, about the middle of 1645, Prince Rupert butchered at Stinchcombe about forty soldiers of the Parliament. Such was not the Roundhead Massey's conduct in like cases, who at Malmesbury and elsewhere would not even allow his soldiers to pillage a place taken by storm. "He could judge no part of England an enemy's country, no English town capable of devastation by English soldiers." And even Birch, when the worn-out Cavaliers of Goodrich sought in vain for better terms, did not withhold "mercy for their lives" to those gallant Herefordians who on July 31, 1646, marched out to the tune of Sir Harry Lingen's delight. Three weeks later, the straitened Lord of Raglan and his retainers marched out of that border palace and stronghold with all the honours of war. Of personal atrocities during the struggle, one of the most unsoldierly was the murder by one of Massey's soldiers of John Praph, the octogenarian vicar of Tarrington, because he answered the challenge, "Who are you for?" with the frank admission, "For the King." But this was capped by a no less disgraceful piece of savagery in higher places when, later in the same year, Prince Rupert pistolled a Presbyterian minister near Taunton for answering a similar challenge "For God and the Gospel." Perhaps the best blood that Herefordshire sacrificed in the King's cause was that of Sir William Croft, slain in the rout between Stokesay and Wistanstow, "on the place,"

says Vicars, and not, as tradition has it, as he entered his own park, fully ten miles off, at "Sir William's wicket." Which ever it was, our historian rightly pronounces that "ce vilain champ de bataille n'était pas digne de lui." Others, however, were equally prodigal of their lives, as the topographer might testify who knows the cliffs above the Wye near Chepstow, still called "Wintour's Leap," over which Sir John Wintour of Lydney House, the twice unsuccessful holder of Beachley Ferry against the ubiquitous Massey, rode or rolled pike in hand into the river—not, as it proved, to exchange death by pistol bullets for drowning, but to fight again, though with no better fortune, in the picturesque natural amphitheatre of Lancaut. It adds much to the value of Mr. Webb's history that every such locality is reproduced vividly to the mind's eye by one who had examined it critically with its history in clear view. The gallant Sir Henry Lingen, too, like many of his comrades in Goodrich, was the hero of not a few hair-breadth adventures and escapes.

Much more might be said to show the diversified interest of this elaborate memorial of one of the most eventful chapters of English history, and its eminent faithfulness as an impartial chronicle. Throughout we see a steadfast purpose on the historian's part to revive, impress, and intensify "the terrible lesson of that sanguinary period of civil hostility—a lesson too little inculcated, as it has been too readily forgotten." How well the task was fulfilled by the original writer only those can fully judge who take the trouble to master two weighty volumes, every page of which will repay attention. He was fortunate in leaving a son not only capable, but ambitious, of worthily completing and presenting to the world the work to which he had devoted the labours of his life.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

MR. DICKENS has followed up his ingenious and successful invention, the *Dictionary of London*, with a *Dictionary of the Thames* (1) constructed, naturally, on the same lines, and with equal care and comprehensiveness. Turning the pages at hazard we light upon an excellent article on "Steam Launches," a matter so important that it seems desirable to quote at some length what the Dictionary has to say:—"Steam launches are the curse of the river. Driving along at an excessive rate of speed, with an utter disregard to the comfort or even necessities of anglers, oarsmen, and boating parties, the average steam-launch engineer is an unmitigated nuisance. There are some owners who show some consideration for other people, but their number unfortunately is very limited, and for the most part the launches are navigated with a recklessness which is simply shameful. Perhaps the worst offenders are the people who pay their 5*l.* 5*s.* a day for the hire of a launch, and whose idea of a holiday is the truly British notion of getting over as much ground as possible in a given time. Parties of this kind, especially after the copious lunch which is one of the features of the day's outing, stimulate the engineer to fresh exertions, and appear to enjoy themselves considerably as they contemplate the anxiety and discomfort of the occupants of the punts and rowing-boats which are left floundering helplessly in their wash. Should there be ladies on board a boat in difficulties, their terror proportionately enhances the amusement of these steam-launch armies. Unfortunately these excursionists are not alone in their offences against courtesy and good behaviour. Too many people who ought to know very much better keep them in countenance by their selfish example." This description of an intolerable nuisance is strong, but far from being too strong, as all who have suffered from it will recognize. The writer goes on to speak of the by-law of the Thames Conservancy providing that steam-vessels above Teddington Lock are not to be worked at such a speed as to endanger other vessels, or cause injury to the river banks, and making a breach of the law punishable by what is justly called the wholly inadequate fine of 5*l.* "Such as the penalty is, however," the writer says, "it is very desirable that the Conservancy should make up their minds to enforce it. . . . At present all the trouble and inconvenience of getting up a case is left to the public, and offenders escape the consequences of their acts, and naturally get bolder by impunity." Another article, which is very well worth attention, and contains valuable suggestions, is that on Bathing; but the Dictionary is so complete and so excellently worked out that one might go on for an indefinite time calling attention to various noteworthy points in it. We have come upon only one slip, and that a slight one. "Athens" is properly described as "a bathing place of the Eton boys," but the added information that "the high ground is known as Acropolis" can only meet the charge of incorrectness by relying on a plea of vagueness. The mistake into which the writer has apparently fallen of thinking that "Acropolis" is part of "Athens" is a very natural one, but might have been avoided.

Mr. Watt (2), in a preface to the volume which he has composed, says that it does not pretend "to any higher claim than to be a concise epitome of the lives which it recounts. . . . The design being purely personal, criticism is introduced only to give a more complete presentation of the subjects and the lessons they teach, and to illustrate, embellish, or vary the narrative. We are

(1) *Dickens's Dictionary of the Thames: from Oxford to the Nore. An Unconventional Handbook.* London: "All the Year Round" Office.

(2) *Great Novelists—Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton.* By James Crabb Watt. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.



sanguine that such an effort will be found to be of use by those whom it is believed to be most desiderated—from school-boys who have little more than read their first novel to business men, whose exacting occupations leave scanty leisure for the pursuit of knowledge." If we grant that "such an effort" is "desiderated" at all, we must still fear that Mr. Watt has been over-sanguine. Mr. Watt's chapter on Scott is the best, or rather the least objectionable, of his performances; and his Thackeray is, as might be expected, the worst. The value of Mr. Watt's method and style may perhaps be guessed from this passage:—"He was destined for the profession of an artist, and subsequently studied on the Continent for that Bohemian and precarious life; and, although circumstances led him to change his mind, and to paint in ink instead of oil, yet at the dispersion of his large and valuable library after his death the fly-leaves and margins of the books were found to be filled with etchings, comical figures, and dexterous designs drawn with facile hand and humorous art." It is perhaps superfluous to say any more of a writer who composes sentences like that just quoted, and who informs his readers, with an air of happy assurance, that it cannot be said of Thackeray that he ranks high as a ballad-writer, and that his lines hardly ever attain a very musical flow. So unconscious a confession by a writer of his qualification for the work that he has set himself may be left to speak for itself.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Streeter's work on precious stones (3), the first edition of which was reviewed at length in these columns some two years ago.

The sixth part of Mr. Grove's Dictionary of Music (4) contains, amongst other things, an interesting article on Handel by Mr. Julian Marshall, one passage of which suggests curious reflections:—"His orchestration sounds, of course, scanty to modern ears. The balance of the orchestra was very different in his time from what it is now, some wind instruments, such as the clarinet, not being yet in use, while others were then employed in greater numbers, and some stringed instruments were included that are now obsolete. The wind instruments were certainly more prominent in the band than they now are; he used the hautbois freely, seeming to have a particular affection for them, and sometimes employed them in large numbers, as a 'wind band' in 'The Fireworks Music,' &c. He made, in fact, abundant use of all the materials at his command, and, in his own day, was regarded as noisy, and even sensational. He was said to sigh for a cannon (worthy, this, of Berlioz in later times), and there is extant a caricature of him by Goupy representing him at the organ, with a boar's head and enormous tusks (alluding to his passionate temper); the room is strewn with horns, trumpets, and kettle-drums; further off are visible a donkey braying and a battery of artillery, which is fired by the blazing music of the organist!" In the seventh part, under the heading "The King's Band of Music," we learn that Henry VIII.'s band in 1530 was composed of sixteen trumpets, four lutes, three rebecks, three taborets, a harp, two viols, nine sackbuts, two drumslades, three minstrels, and a player on the virginals. Lutes continued to be included in the band down to the time of Charles I., and must have given a considerable amount of trouble to the people who played them, to judge from the article "Lute" in the eighth part of the Dictionary. "It must have been very troublesome," we are there told, "to keep a lute in order. Mace, in his often-quoted work, recommends that a lute should be kept in a bed which is in constant use, and goes on to say that once in a year or two, if you have not very good luck, you will be constrained to have the belly taken off, as it will have sunk from the stretch of the strings, which is a great strength." Matheson said a lutenist of eighty years old had certainly spent sixty in tuning his instrument, and that the cost in Paris of keeping a horse or a lute was about the same. Baron replied that the horse would soon be like one of Pharaoh's lean kine."

"In the following poem," Mr. Arnold says in a preface to *The Light of Asia* (5), "I have sought by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary to depict the life and character, and indicate the philosophy, of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism." Mr. Arnold's verse is smooth and stately, and his work contains many passages of fine description, of which we select the following lines as a specimen:—

And in the middle watch  
Our Lord attained *Abhidya*—insight vast,  
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,  
System on system, countless worlds and suns  
Moving in splendid measures, band by band  
Linked in division, one yet separate,  
The silver islands of a sapphire sea,  
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred  
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.  
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds  
By bands invisible, how they themselves  
Circle obedient round mightier orbs  
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star  
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life  
From centres ever shifting unto cirques  
Knowing no uttermost.

(3) *Precious Stones and Gems*. By Edwin W. Streeter, F.R.G.S. Second Edition. With Additions. London: Chapman & Hall.

(4) *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Edited by George Grove, D.C.L. Parts VI., VII., and VIII. London: Macmillan & Co.

(5) *The Light of Asia; or, the Great Renunciation (As told in Verse by an Indian Buddhist)*. By Edwin Arnold, Author of "The History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration," &c. London: Trübner & Co.

There is something odd and suggestive of incongruity in the use of the word "cirques"; but it must, we think, be allowed that the passage is a fine one.

There is a good deal of grace and tenderness in Miss Stockall's verses (6), which are, however, here and there disfigured by false scansion which seem to have arisen from trusting too much to the ear, which is a somewhat dangerous experiment, for even a person whose ear is correct may be tempted to let inclination override judgment. Some stanzas from a pretty piece called "Convalescent" may illustrate the writer's merits and faults:—

Emerald with moss, and purple with heather,  
Gleams the broad moor to the red setting sun;  
Love! let us sit 'midst the blossoms together;  
Our work for the day, like the bees' task, is done.  
  
Sweet, oh! how sweet, is the breath of the clover,  
Breeze-borne from meadow-lands over the moor;  
Sweeter, yet sweeter, the blossoms that cover  
The turf at our feet and the hedge-roses o'er.

Come; the broad moor, lately purple with heather,  
Dons sombre grey, for the night-parted sun;  
Love! hand in hand, like two children together,  
We will go home—our day labour is done.

A second edition of Dr. Ross's *Memoir of Bishop Ewing* (7) has been published, little more than two years after the first issue of the biography. The fact is sufficient evidence of the interest which attaches to this as to every record of the renewed vigour of Church life as represented in the Episcopate of our own day. The late Bishop of Argyll and the Isles lived and thought in a region somewhat apart as much from the traditions of Scottish Episcopacy as from the ground ordinarily trodden by the feet of English prelates. But a position of ecclesiastical antagonism in no way interfered with the freedom of a warm heart in the cordial intercourse of social and spiritual companionship; and Dr. Ross's *Memoir* will attract the attention both of those who sympathize with and those who are in opposition to the Bishop on ecclesiastical questions. The book is carefully written throughout, and is entirely free from the fault of tediousness too commonly found in biographies.

The eighteenth volume of the new series of *Tales from Blackwood* (8) contains two capital contributions in "My Adventures with Peter Schlemihl" and "Aunt Ann's Ghost Story," the former of which papers is an excellent piece of fooling, while the latter is the more effective because it wants the conventional and final explanation of strange occurrences. The ghost is explained away in a manner which may at the first blush disappoint lovers of spectral mysteries, but the explanation of the explanation of the ghost is avoided, so as to afford opportunity for a number of theories.

*Oxford Days* (9) is one of the wondrous productions of a wondrous age. Its fortunately anonymous author says this of his work in a commendably short preface. "*Oxford Days* is not shaped on the lines of either *Verdant Green* or *Tom Brown at Oxford*. Its purpose, rather, is to furnish a practical guide to all the features of University life; but it has been thought that, by adopting the narrative form, the dry bones of a handbook may be made to live." It is perfectly true that this book is not shaped on the lines either of *Verdant Green* or of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, or of any other book which has been before now written and published. But seldom has a thought been more unfortunate than that expressed in the concluding part of the author's preface. The bones are indeed dry in themselves, as all such bones must be; but their dryness is an honest and a useful dryness so long as it is left alone. When "A Resident M.A." attempts to make them live by "adopting the narrative form," their dryness becomes a dryness that cannot be borne. The pages of *Oxford Days* contain the very essence of intrinsic dullness long drawn out; and it has been the writer's aim to avoid pedantry by stringing together the very oldest, most threadbare, and unentertaining stories that have been current for innumerable years past as to answers given in examination papers. That any one should gravely have put together and produced such a work as this strikes us as being little short of astounding.

Mr. "Julian Home's" work concerning Cambridge (10) is perhaps less astonishing, but certainly not more admirable, than that of "A Resident M.A." concerning Oxford. It is perhaps easier to write bad verse than bad prose, and it may be needless to do more than quote the "Prologue" to Mr. Home's volume:—

Granta, our Alma Mater, to thy Halls  
And College Piles, ateming with the gusts  
Of strange philosophies, and settl'd truths,  
I wake my Muse, here by the winding Cam,  
Here, in the walk of limes, within the view  
Of John's and Classic King's and while the bells  
Of Great St. Mary clang the marriage chimes,  
I sing the culture of thy men of fame,  
And moralize on what was once, and is.

(6) *Poems and Sonnets*. By Harriet Stockall. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(7) *Memoir of Alexander Ewing, D.C.L., Bishop of Argyll and the Isles*. By Alexander J. Ross, D.D., Vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney. Second Edition. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

(8) *Tales from Blackwood*. New Series. No. XVIII. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

(9) *Oxford Days; or, How Ross got his Degree*. By a Resident M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(10) *Sketches of Cambridge in Verse*. By Julian Home. London: Newman & Co.

A new edition has appeared of Haydn's *Bible Dictionary* (11). This contains an appendix, giving the results of the latest discoveries connected with sacred history, and a hundred wood engravings have been added to the book.

A new edition has also been published of Haydn's *Dictionary of Medicine* (12), with an excellent appendix on sick-nursing and mother's management, and with numerous plates.

The valuable essays published some time since by Sir Thomas Watson in the *Nineteenth Century* (13) have now been collected into a well-printed volume, the pages of which refuse to lie open.

A sixth edition has appeared of the *Englishman's Guide-Book to the United States* (14). We regret to observe that the publishers have given in to the detestable custom of allowing advertisements to appear in the body of the book.

A new and pretty edition has been issued of Miss Jean Ingelow's poems (15).

The second edition of *A Short History of Natural Science* (16) contains a new chapter on "Sound," and, in a new chapter at the end of the book, a sketch of some of the latest advances in science.

The third edition of Mr. Monier Williams's *Modern India* (17) contains a considerable amount of new matter, including a chapter on the "Villages and Rural Population of India."

Mr. Stanford has lately issued a large-scale map of Afghanistan, showing the new British frontiers according to the Treaty of Gandamak, and a singularly interesting Library Map of the World, showing, among other things, ocean currents, trade winds and monsoons, and submarine telegraph cables. The map is coloured politically.

(11) *Haydn's Bible Dictionary*. Edited by the late Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A., and brought down to the latest date. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(12) *Haydn's Dictionary of Popular Medicine and Hygiene*. Edited by Edwin Lankester, M.D. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(13) *The Abolition of Zymotic Diseases and of other similar Enemies of Mankind*. By Sir Thomas Watson, Bart. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(14) *The Englishman's Illustrated Guide-Book to the United States and Canada*. Sixth Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

(15) *Poems*. By Jean Ingelow. Reprinted, with additional matter, from the Twenty-third Edition. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co.

(16) *A Short History of Natural Science*. By Arabella B. Buckley. Second Edition. With Corrections, Additions, and Illustrations. London: Stanford.

(17) *Modern India and the Indians*. By Monier Williams, D.C.L. Third Edition. Revised and augmented by considerable Additions. London: Trübner & Co.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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